

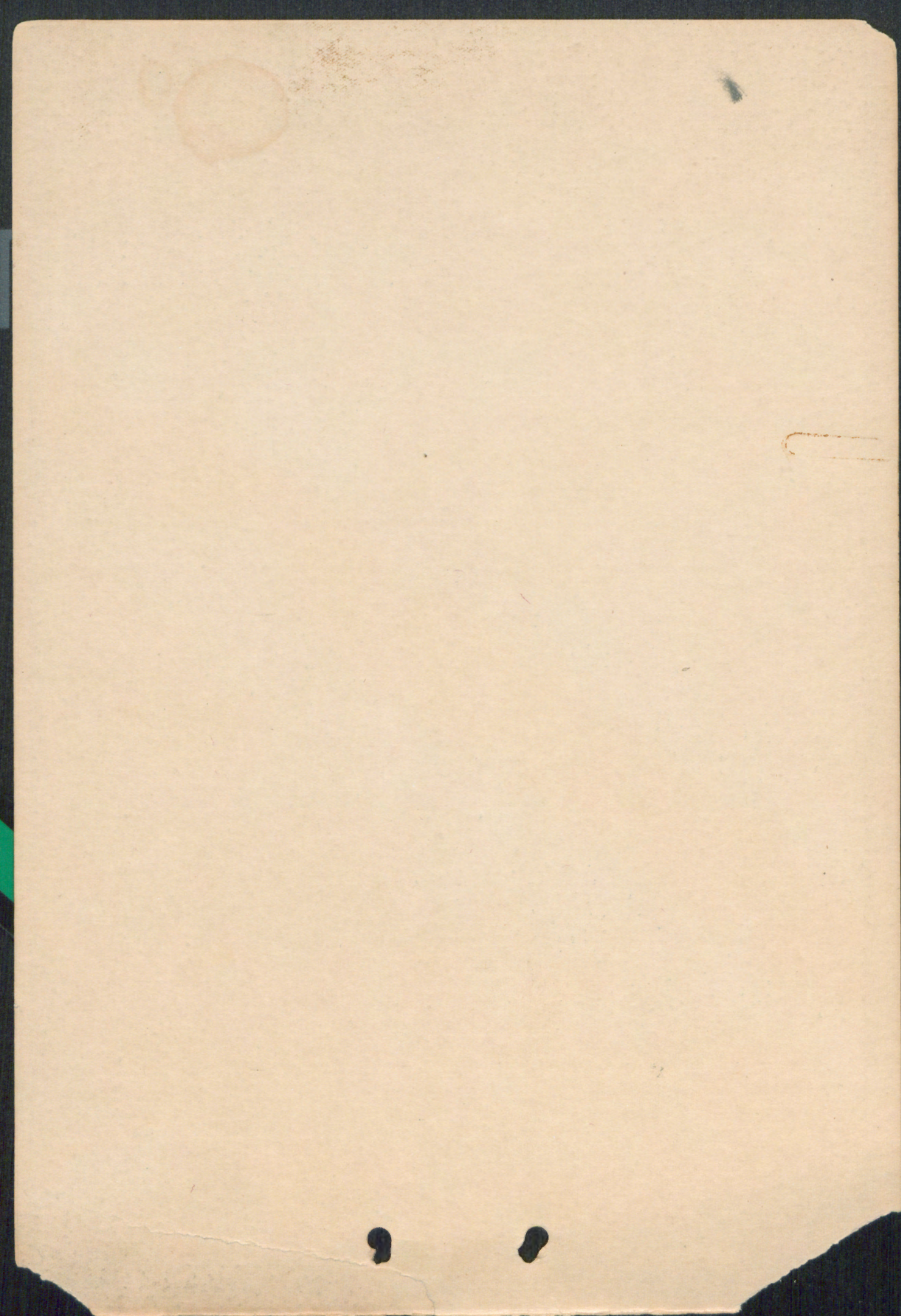


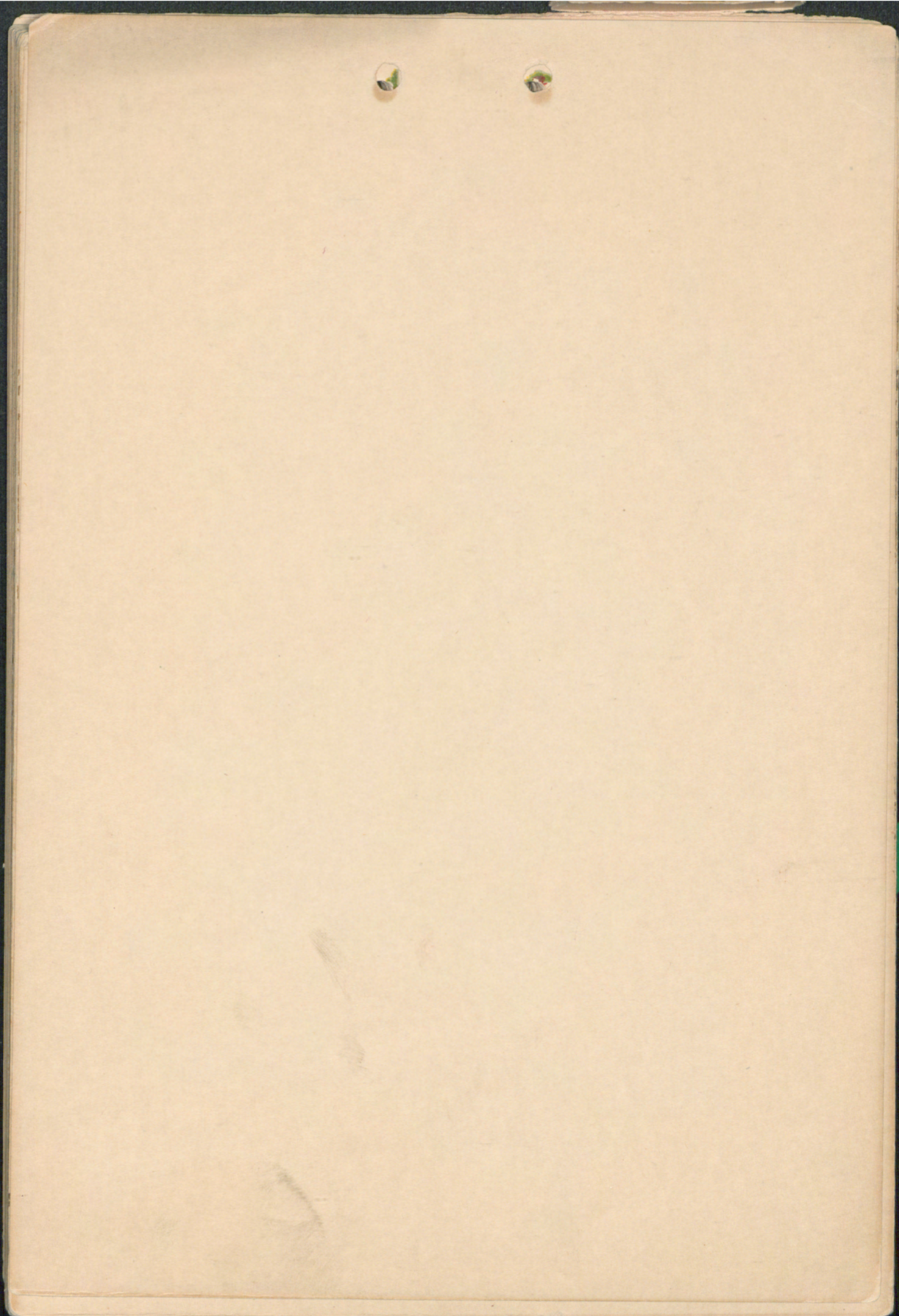
Holly And Mistletoe

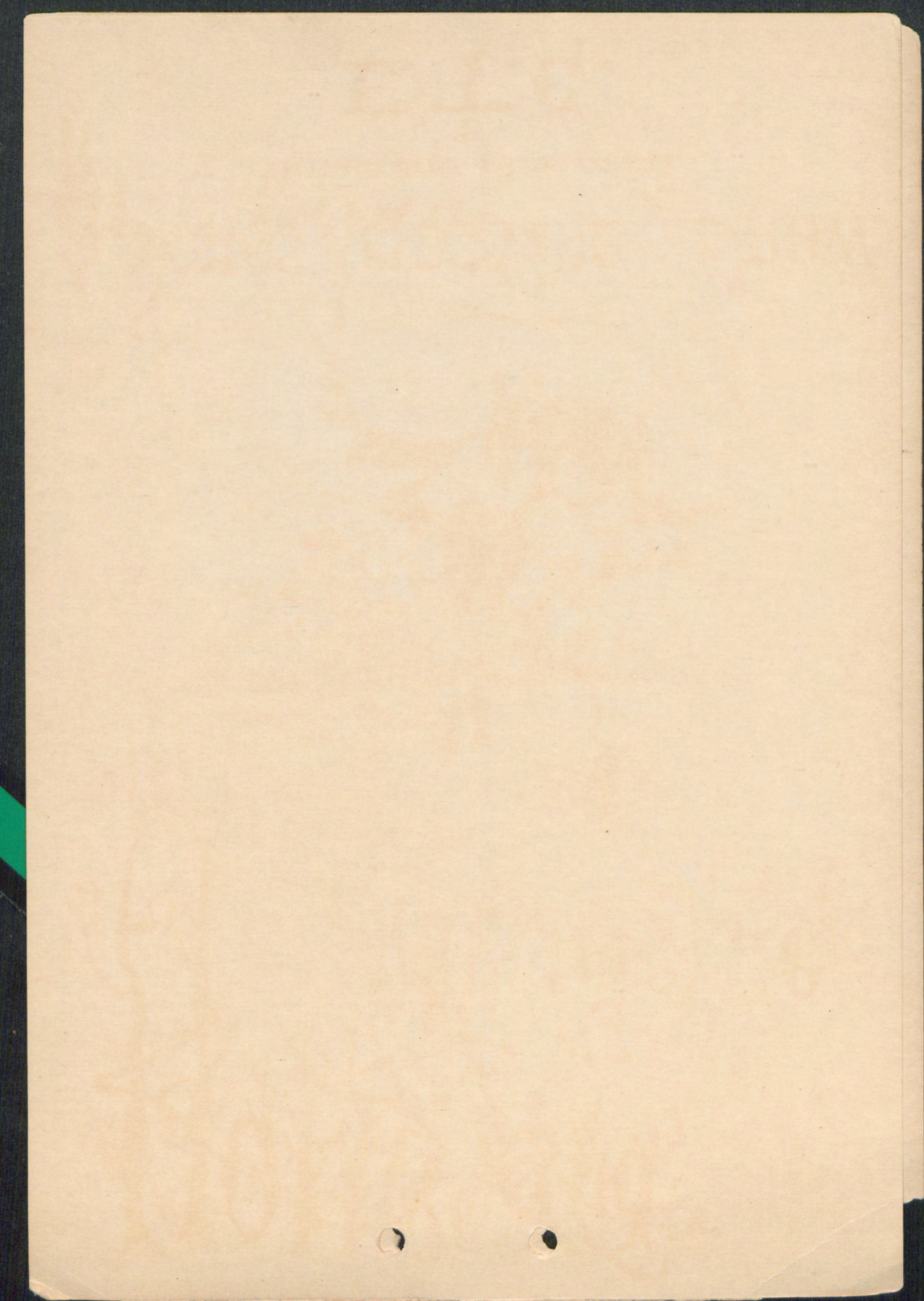


Companion
To
Buttercups and Daisies

BY E.T.G.



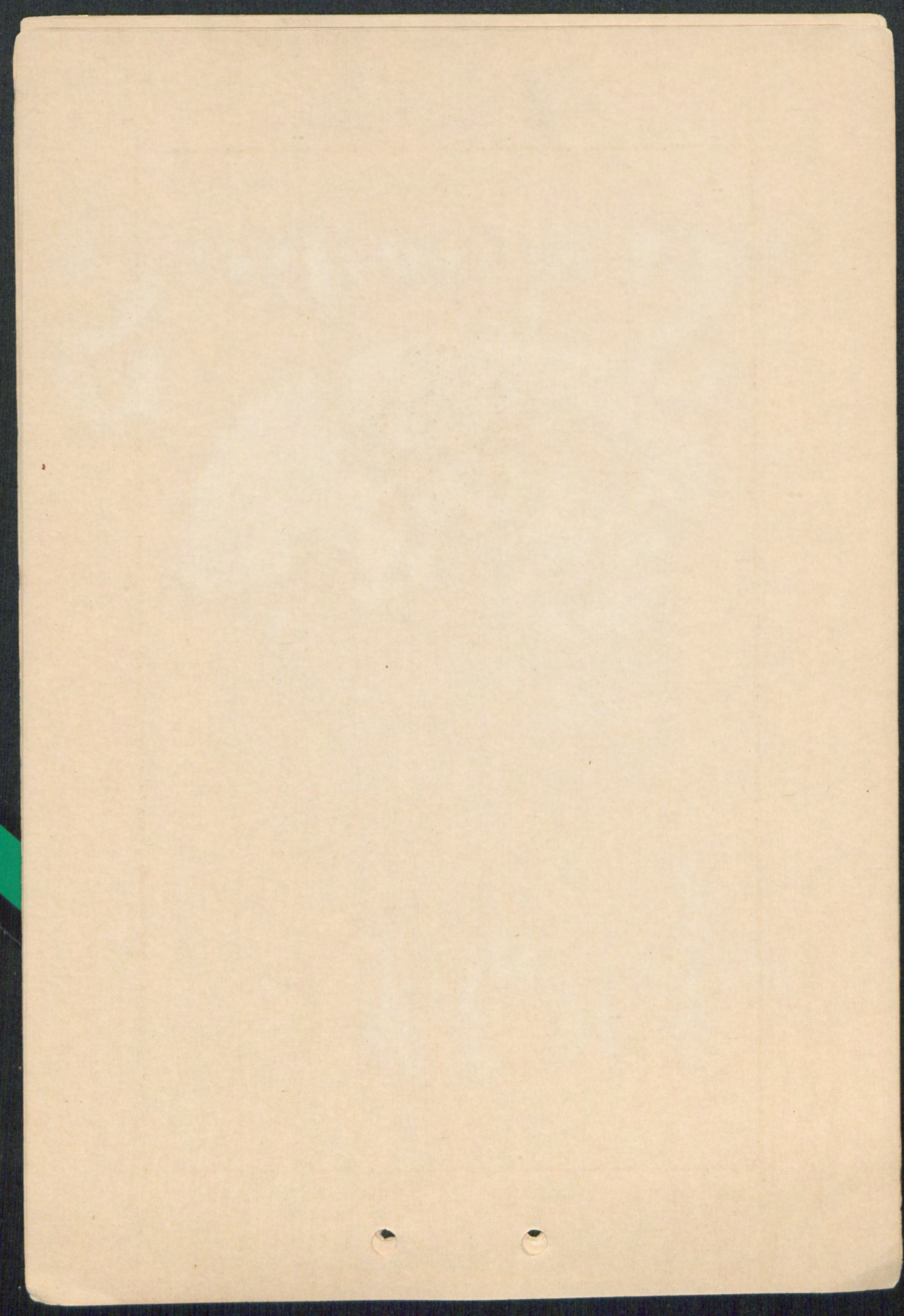




Holly and
Mistletoe



Songs Across the Snow.
Written and Illustrated.
BY
E. T. G.



HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

SONGS ACROSS THE SNOW.

COMPANION

TO

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

Written and Illustrated by

(ELIZABETH T. GRAHAM.)

E. T. G.



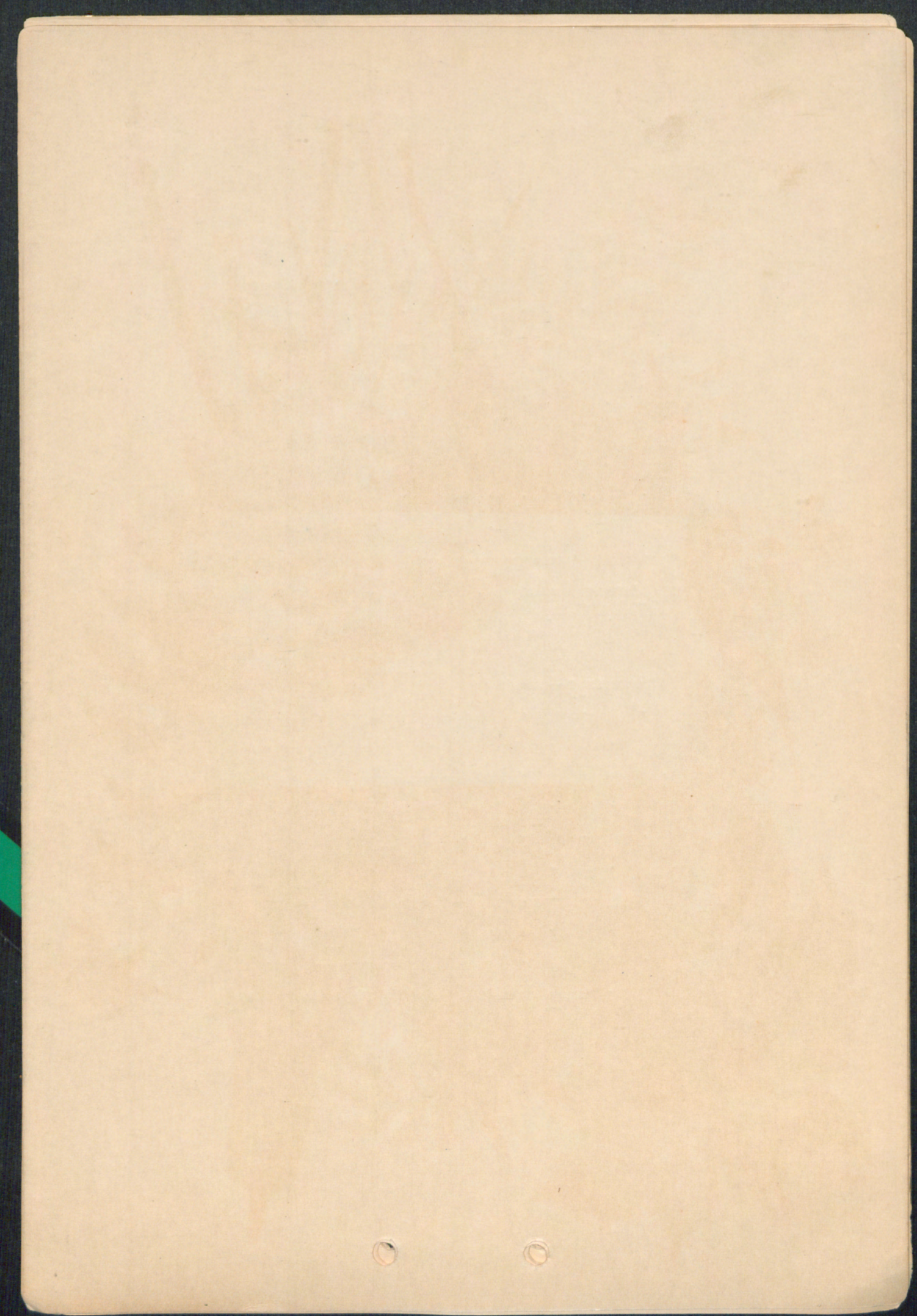
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Maryland
P.S.
1759
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FOLIO

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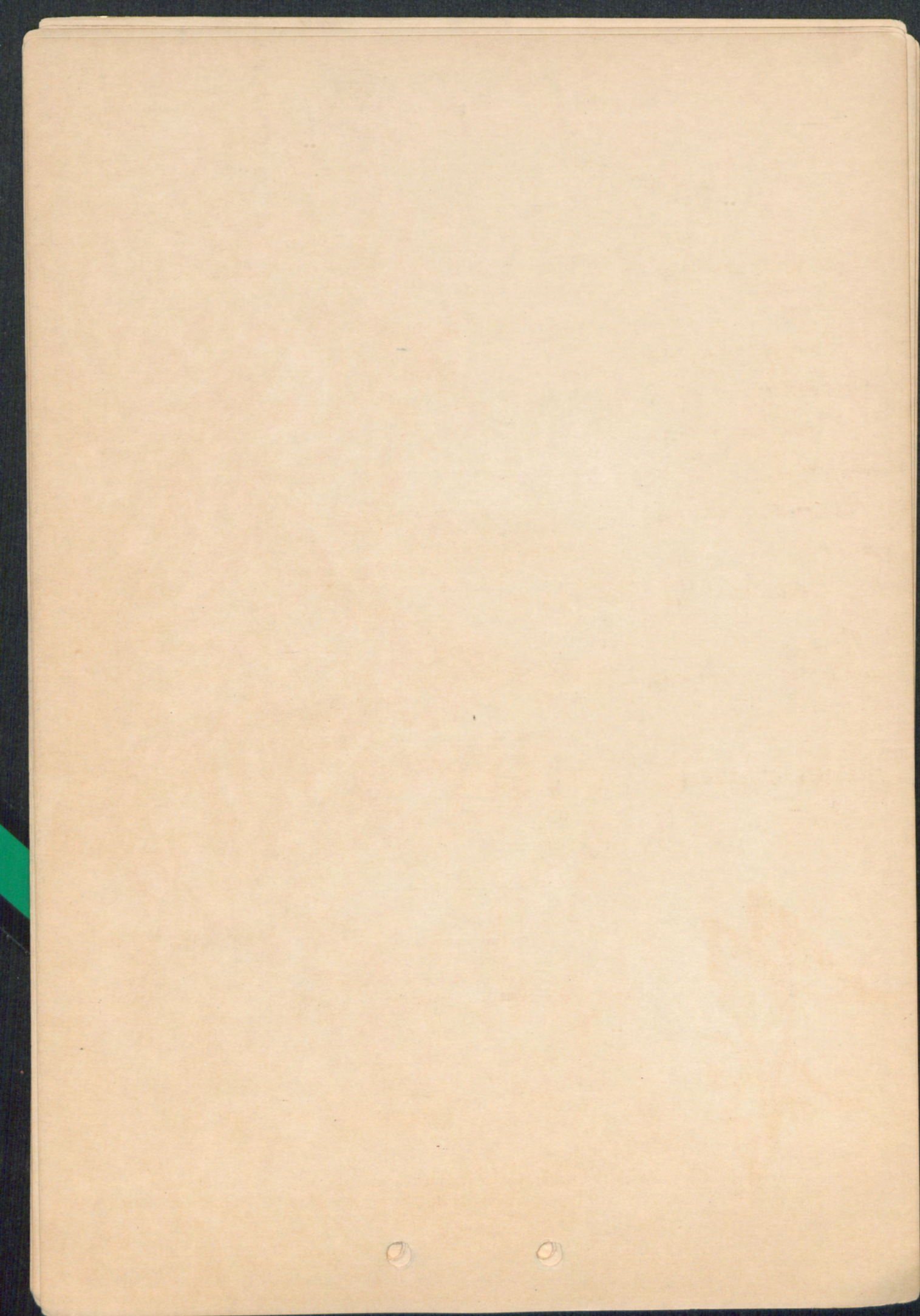


ETQ.

SEPTEMBER.

To A. H. T.

"Where the brook and river meet,"
Waiting stand thy maiden feet;
O'er thee bends life's radiant sky,
Hope is in thy heart and eye!
Far away seem grief and pain,
Cloudy days and bitter rain;
These are hours of glad delight,
Long before the fall of night.
Gather them---ere they be past---
Joys, which evermore will last;
Faith, to lighten all the gloom,
Love, to live beyond the tomb;
Love,---the purest and the best---
Faith---to bring thee peace and rest!



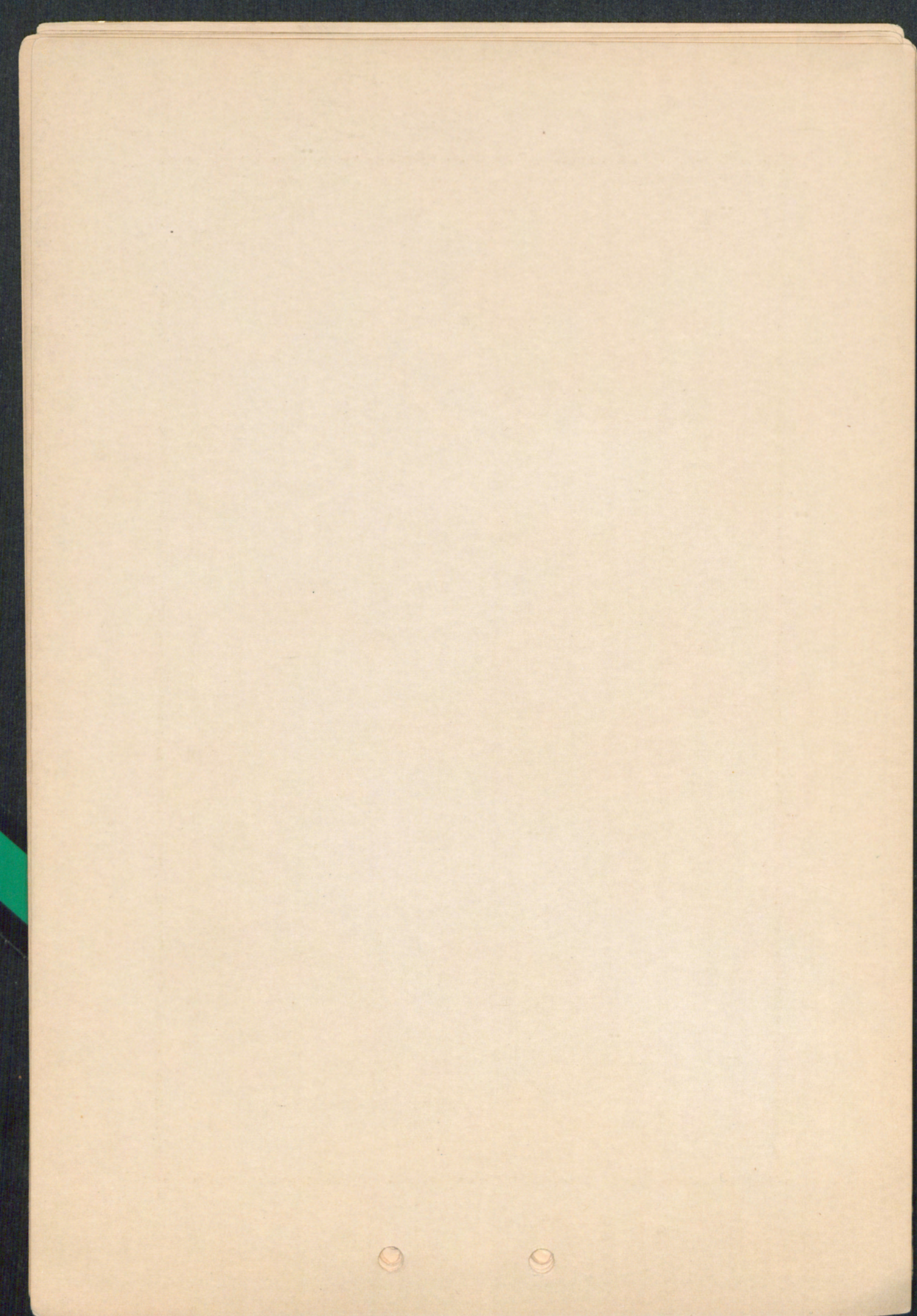


Departing Glory.

Once more the ripened year
unfolds,
Her pennons gold
embossed,
And when the grand oaks,
tempest tossed,
Lift up their heads,
Communion holds
With Him whose love
a bound has set
To human longing and
regret!

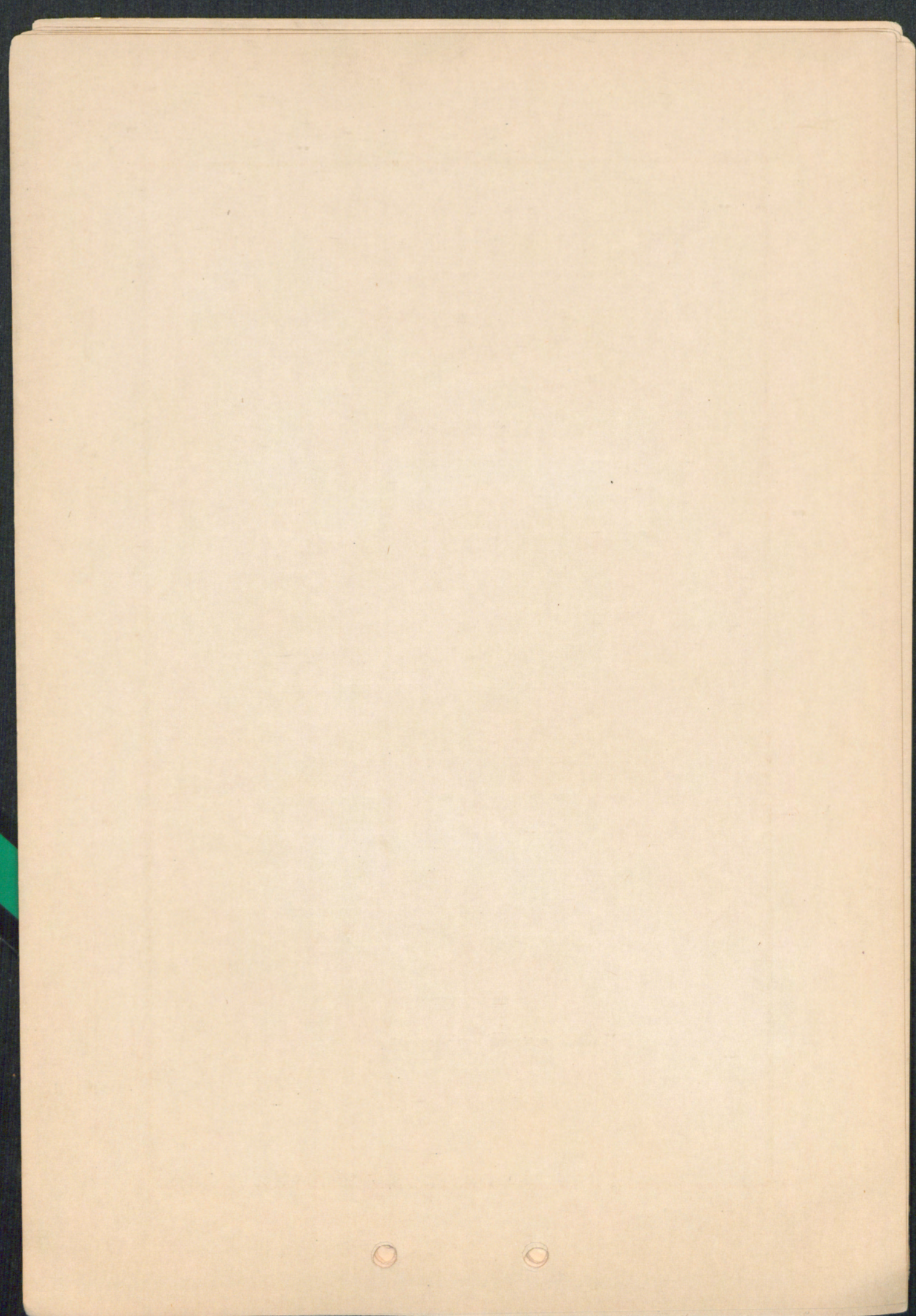
OCTOBER.

ETG



Golden Rod.

Oh, golden signet of the Lord our King---
Setting thy seal to Nature's perfecting---
Full well we know the message thou dost bring,
Dooms unto silence every pleasant thing!
Oh, beauteous token of our sternest foe,
'Tis thou, who biddest the happy summer go;
'Tis thou who fillest with rebellious pain,
Our human hearts, as will the winter's rain
With sobbing, fill these sunny sylvan bowers,
And, weeping, search the frozen earth for flowers!
Across the hills, with poppy-laden breath,
Comes Wintry Sleep, miscalled our conqueror Death;
Borne in high state, in Autumn's brilliant train---
With heralds gay, of dancing sleet and rain---
Masked though he be, and veiled in purple mist,
'Tis he who comes, by every zephyr kist!
His jewelled crest, undimmed by fleeting years,
We view, alas, through fastly falling tears,
As, 'gainst the blue of summer's paling skies,
Rank upon rank, his flashing pennons rise!

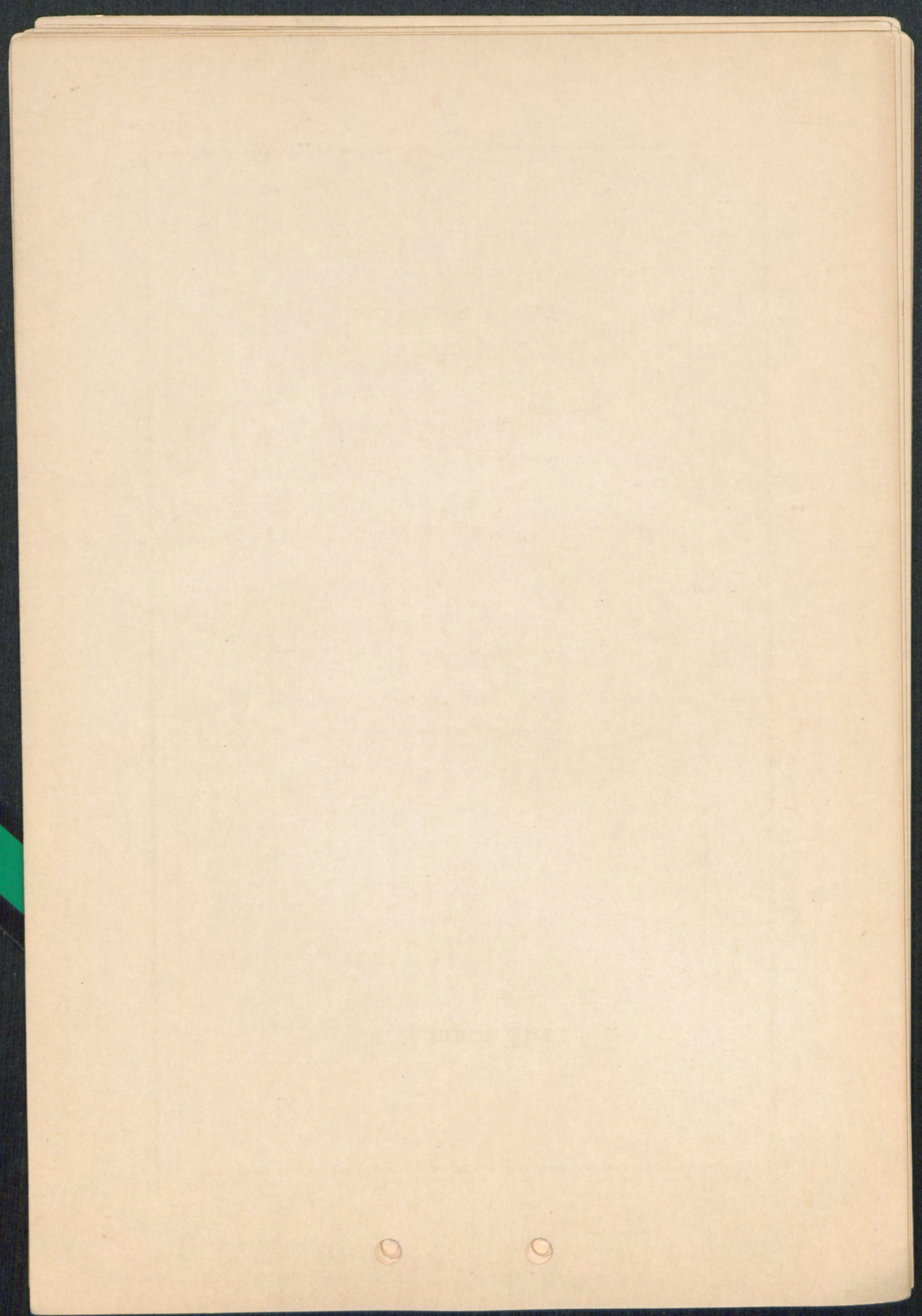


Why thus regrets? Life's secret Love has found;
Joyous each season goes its measure 'round,
Day follows night, and rest comes after pain;
Loss, nobly borne, is ever surest gain!
Thy golden plumes point clearly to the skies,
As purple asters lift their starry eyes,
Where heavenly hosts, in silent grand array,
Guard, sleeplessly, the golden gates of day.
Oh, plumed envoys, lift your banners high,
Till Resurrection's morn draws nigh;
That Resignation, with uplifted head
May cease her commune with the silent dead;
For pain and sorrow, grief and night, and change,
With love and peace make sweetest interchange!
And all the paths, our weary feet have trod
In Faith's pure light, lead upward to our God!



The Empty Nest.

A tiny nest,
With feathered guest,
I've watched the Summer through;
Olas, to-day,
Far, far, away,
The little songsters flew!
An Autumn leaf, down flying,
A dash of chilling rain,
A wild wind, loudly crying,
A broken hope's refrain!
Fair, downy nest!
On peaceful quest
Thy birds flew all day long;
And woman's fears,
And woman's tears,
Were hushed by their sweet song!
Only a voice of singing;
But love was in the song,
And brooding wings, upspringing,
Wakened a happy throng!



Oh, empty nest
A woman's breast
Once full of life and song,
When once bereft
Like thee, is left
A prey to wind and storm!
Only a dream of sorrow,
Only a life unblest,
Only a sad to-morrow,
And thoughts of grave unrest.

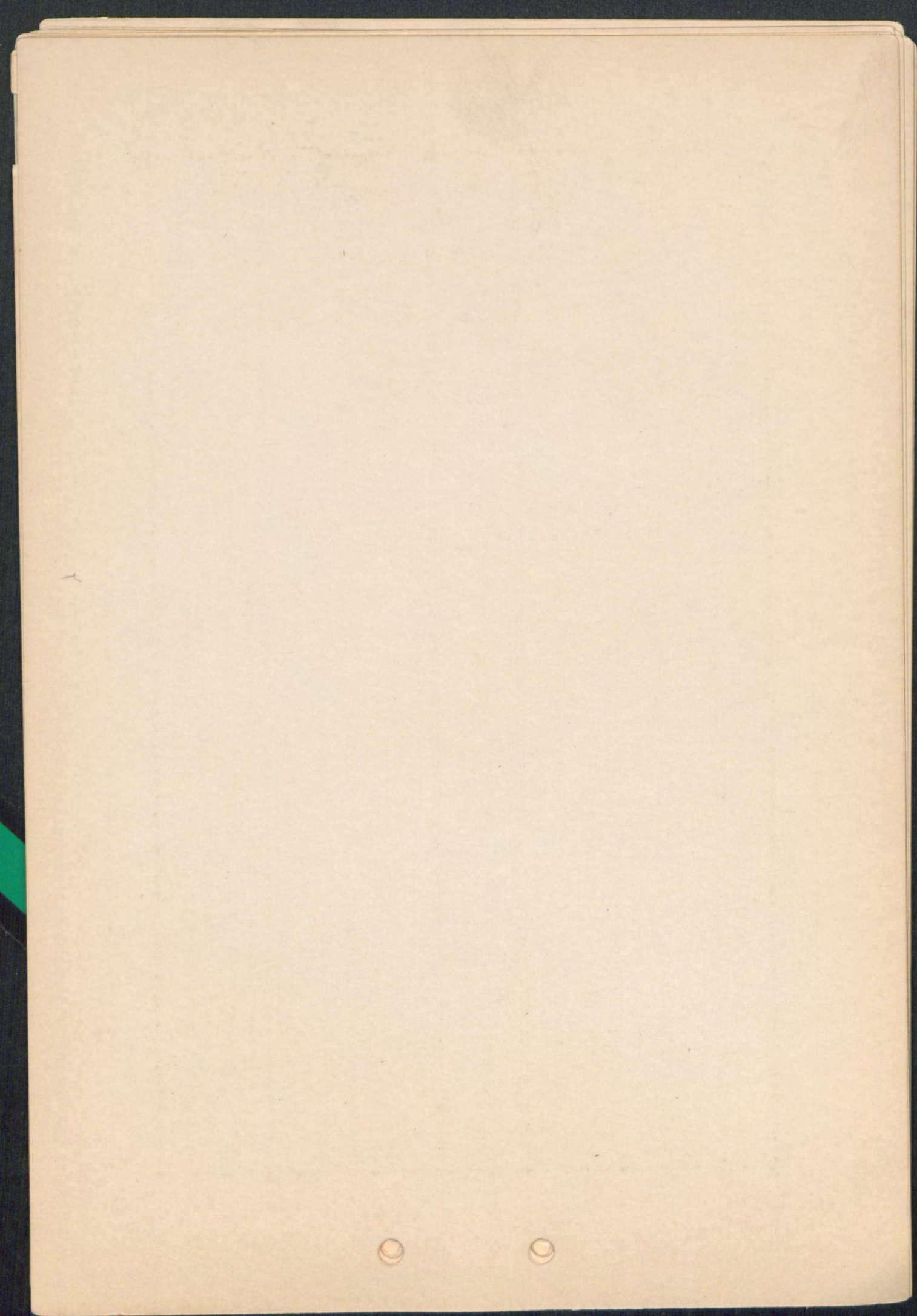
Oh, wondrous nest!
That love is best,
Which folds, beneath its wing,
A living heart,
Held far apart
From every doubtful thing!
Only a child's soft clinging,
And baby lips close pressed;
Only a goldfinch singing,
To her mate upon the nest!





"Come when thou wilt grim Winter,
My year is crowned and blest."

NOVEMBER.



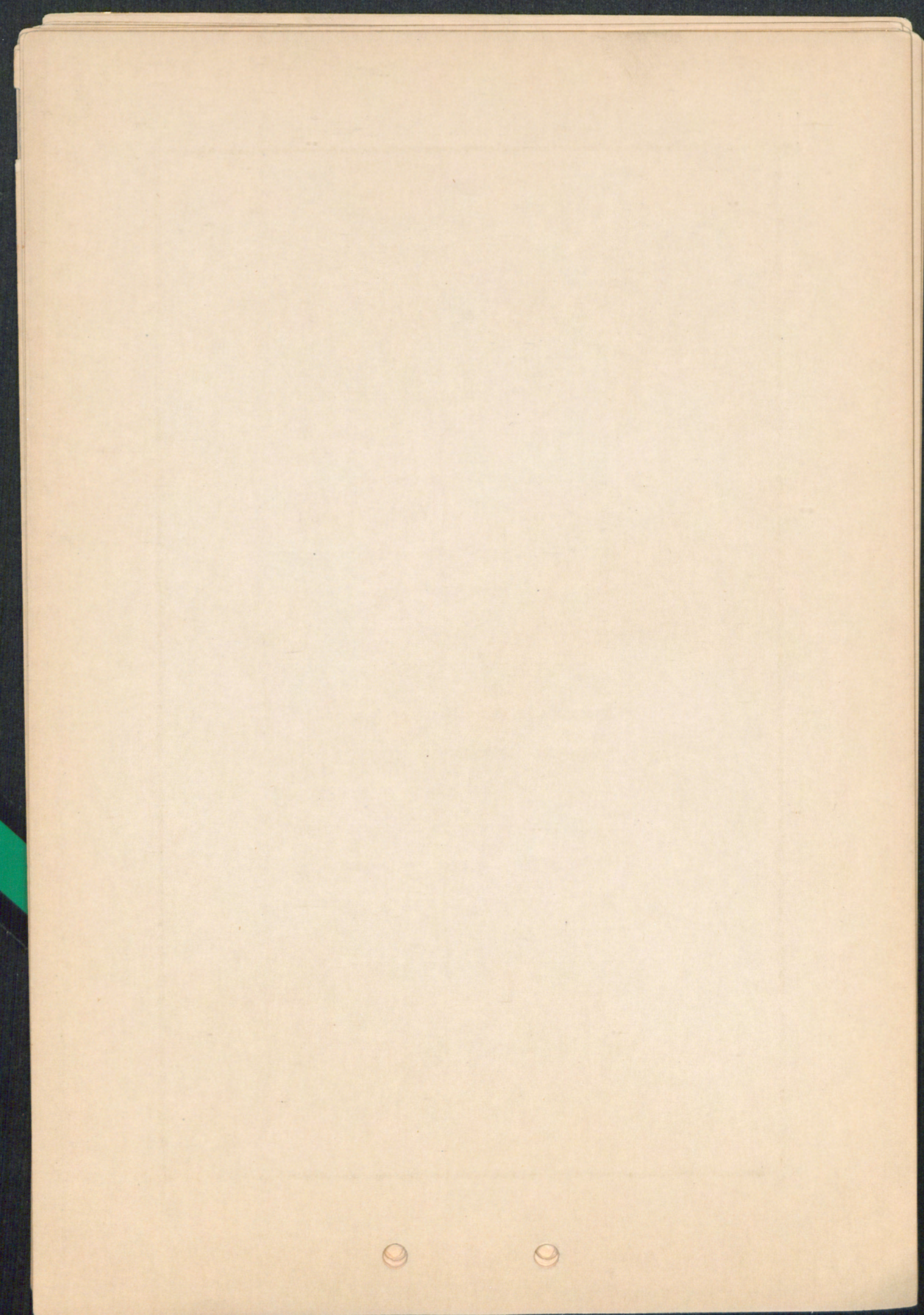
Rest.

AFTER THE NOVEMBER RAIN.

Oh, angel of God's perfect sleep,
On drooping lids now lay thy hand,
And, spreading white wings o'er the land,
Bid stars eternal vigil keep,
Till thy sweet influence can restore
The earth to fruitfulness once more.

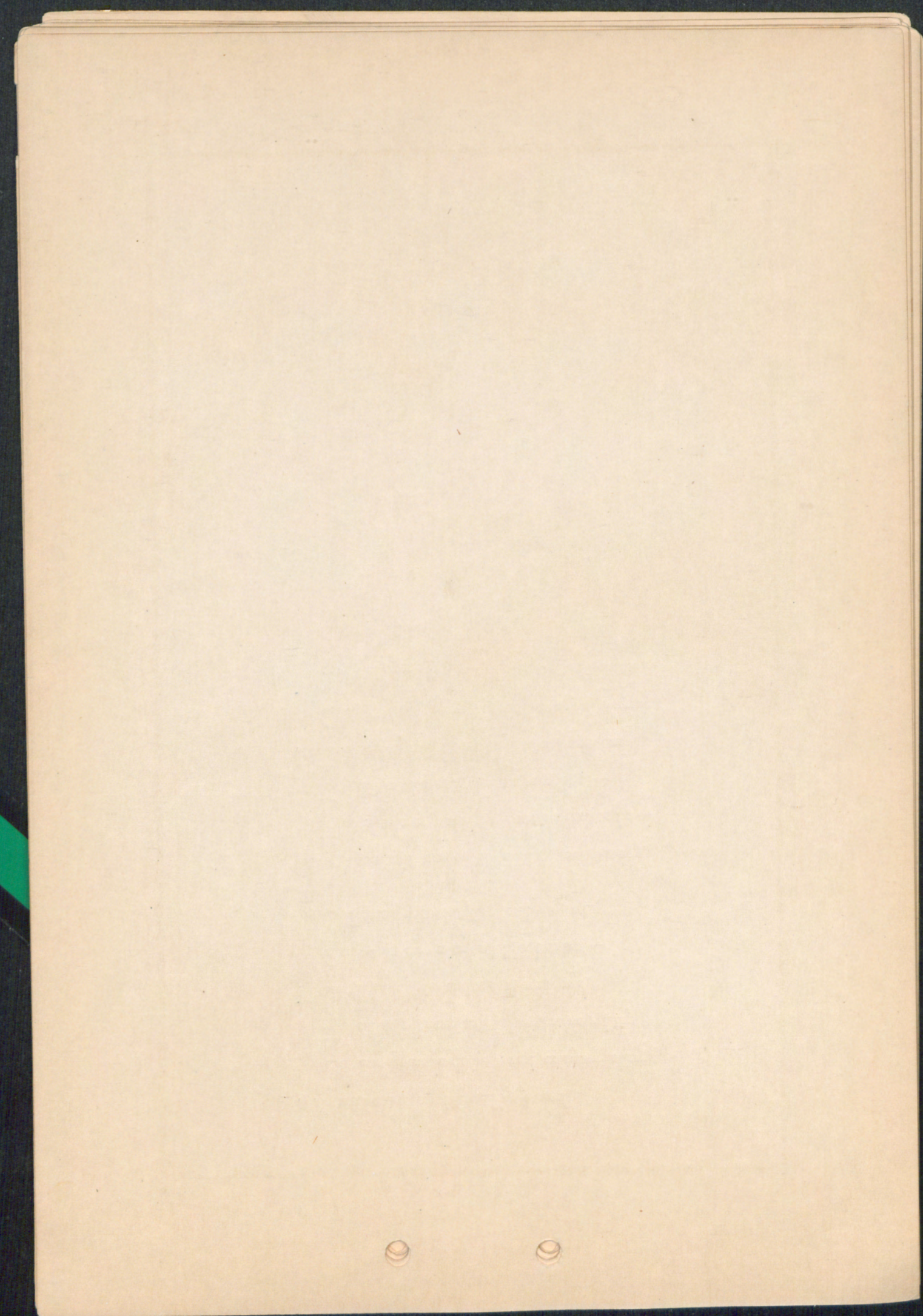
Oh, sweetest soul; thy blessing rounds
Each task of time. 'Tis thou who stands,
With peaceful heart, and folded hands,
Beyond all touch of finite sounds---
Made harsh by notes of vain despair---
'Till Heaven's own peace has banished care!

Oh, Mother fond; oh, Friend divine;
Dear Nature, draw us closer yet,
To that still place where no regret
Can with our draught of life combine,
And where, held fast in Love's embrace,
We no more dread Death's cruel face.



For we, alas, do trembling stand
At our grave's brink, and cringing cling
To all the transient hopes, which fling
Their fitful lights across the strand,
And---till our star of life be set---
Cheat us with longing and regret.

Sure, thou wilt come, to bridge, with sleep,
The shadowy vale we so much dread;---
The silent home, the narrow bed,---
While we, beyond Earth's bound, will leap
And find, through thee, the open way
Which, followed, leads to perfect day!



The Robin's Song.

Cheer up! Cheer up!

Cheer up, right cheerily!

Cheer up! Cheer up!

Cheer up love, merrily!

Keen blows the blast,

Summer is past,

Bear it love,

Cheerily; cheerily!

'Neath Winter's snow

Sweet flowers blow;

Sing then, love

Merrily! Merrily!

Cheer up! Cheer up!

Cheer up, right cheerily!

Cheer up! Cheer up!

Cheer up, right merrily!

Clouds of to-day

Soon pass away;

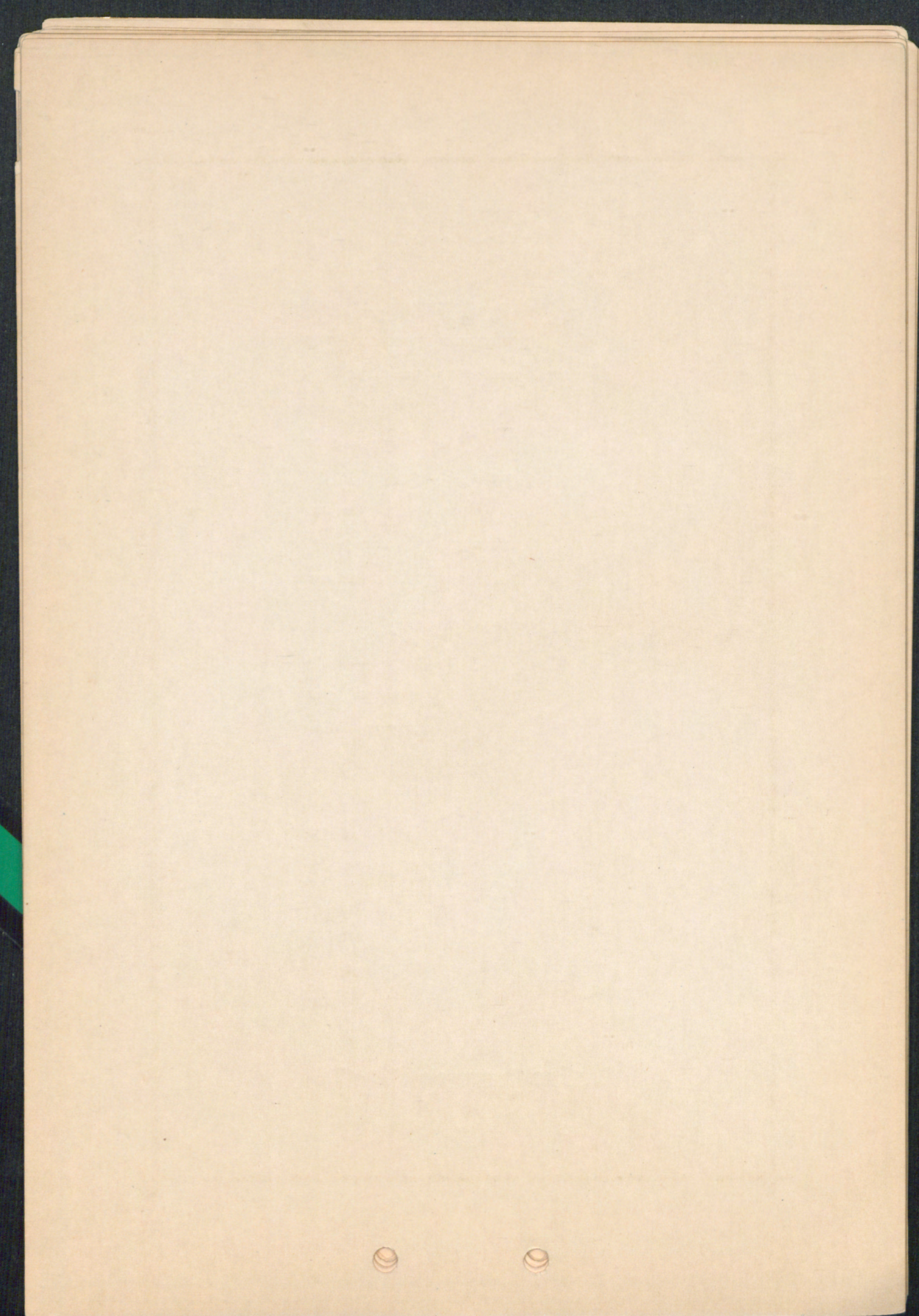
Sing then, love, cheerily, cheerily!

'Though we've but crumbs,

Others have plums;

Sing then, love,

Merrily, merrily!



Cheer up! Cheer up!

Cheer up, right cheerily!

Cheer up! Cheer up!

Cheer up, right merrily!

'Though tears will start

When lovers part,

And time's pace goes

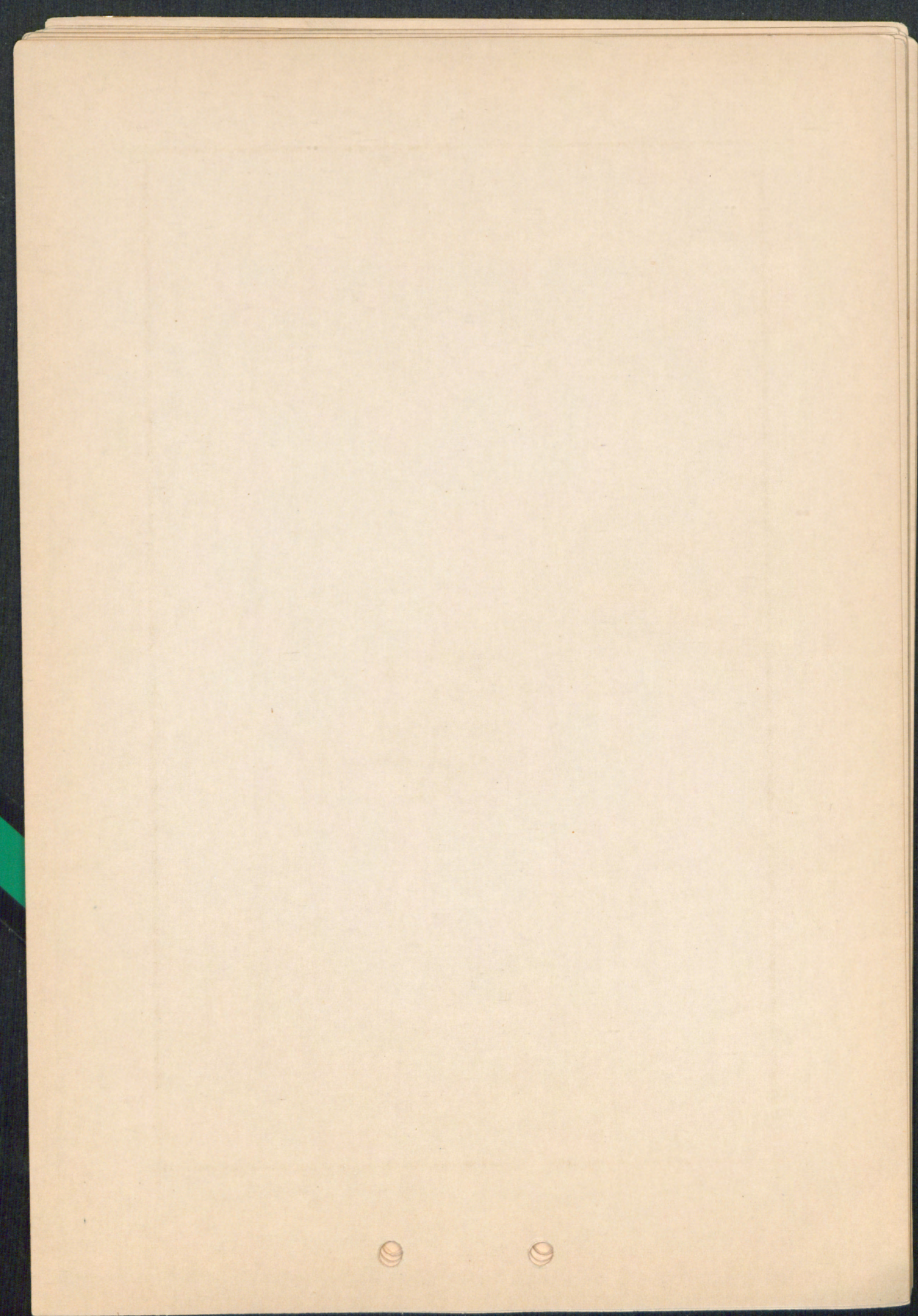
Wearily, wearily!

Hearts do not break,

When for love's sake

Each singeth

Cheerily! Cheerily!

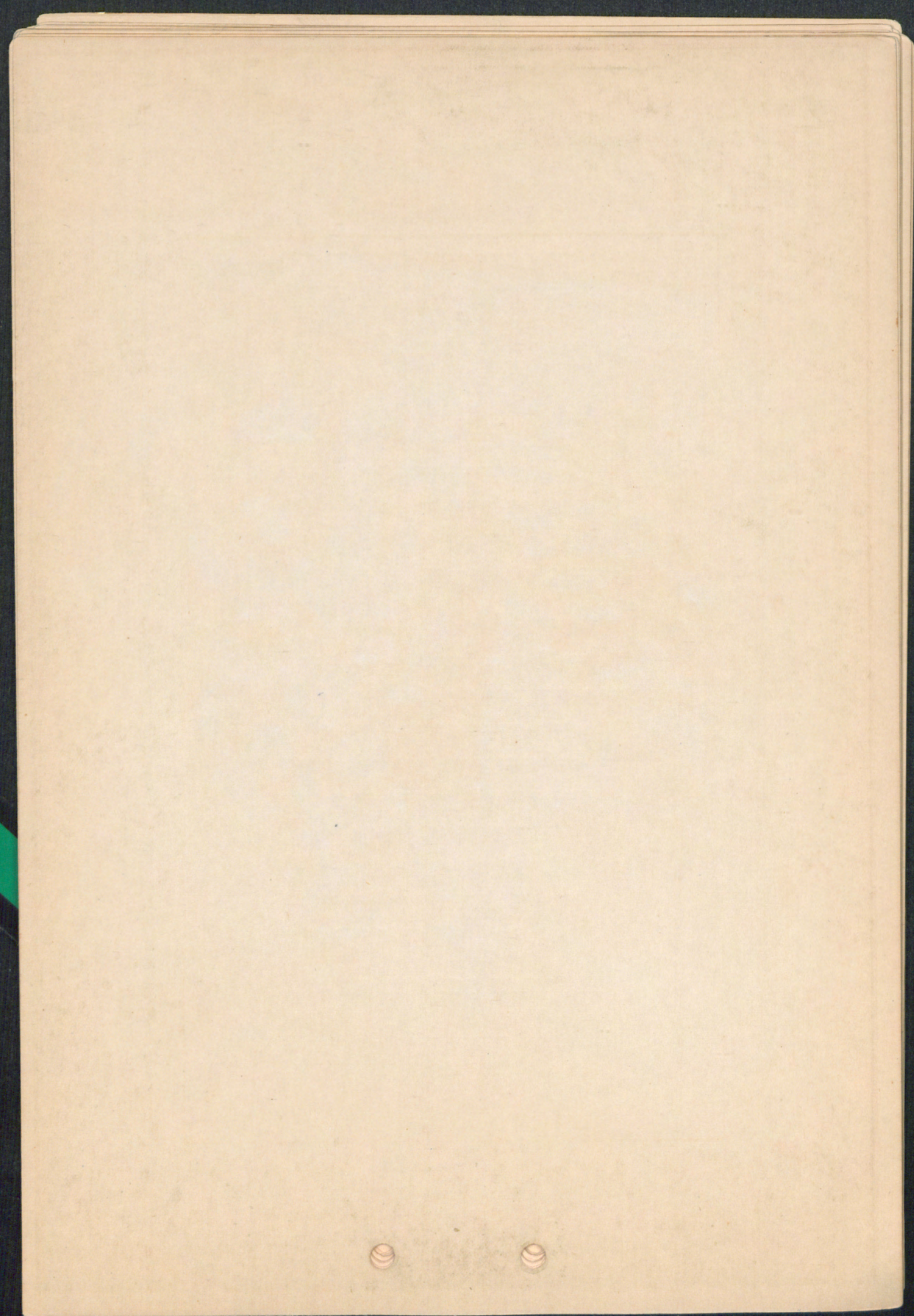


To ———

"TU NE CEDE MALIS."

What does it matter, heart of mine,
So that my hand hold fast to thine;
So that our path lead towards the light---
So that our goal be well in sight;
So that our stumbling feet ne'er stray
Out of the "straight and narrow way";
So that our souls, serene and pure,
From thoughts of doubt are held secure;
So that, to each, Love's star is true,
And Love's sweet story ever new?

What does it matter---What do I care---
If snows have powdered o'er thy hair;
If years of burdens, bravely borne,
And fleeting honors, humbly worn,
Have taken away thy youthful grace,
And laid a shadow upon thy face?
If fortune's favors---turned aside---
Have only left thee honest pride,
God, in His goodness, leaving thee,
Has left me all that is dear to me!



PEACE
ON
EARTH

Good
Will
to
MEN





Christmas Greeting.

It is the joyous Christmas time,
When all our thoughts ring out a chime
Of sweetest melody;
When weary cries of pain and woe,
Like frightened birds, at fall of snow---
Hush their sad threnody.
When toil and fret and tire of mind
Give place, dear friends, to things more kind,
To pilgrims on Life's road.
When low ambitions, reaching higher,
To deeds of Christmas love aspire,
And drop care's heavy load.
For as a little child, new born,
Love comes to each on Christmas morn
And wakens memory!
Who, from her precious hoarded store,
Brings back our childhood joys once more
To feast with Reverie.
And He who came this day, to save
His wayward children from the grave
Of human selfishness,
Sends forth his angels, shod with peace,
That every good thing may increase
Towards Heavenly happiness!





E.T.G.

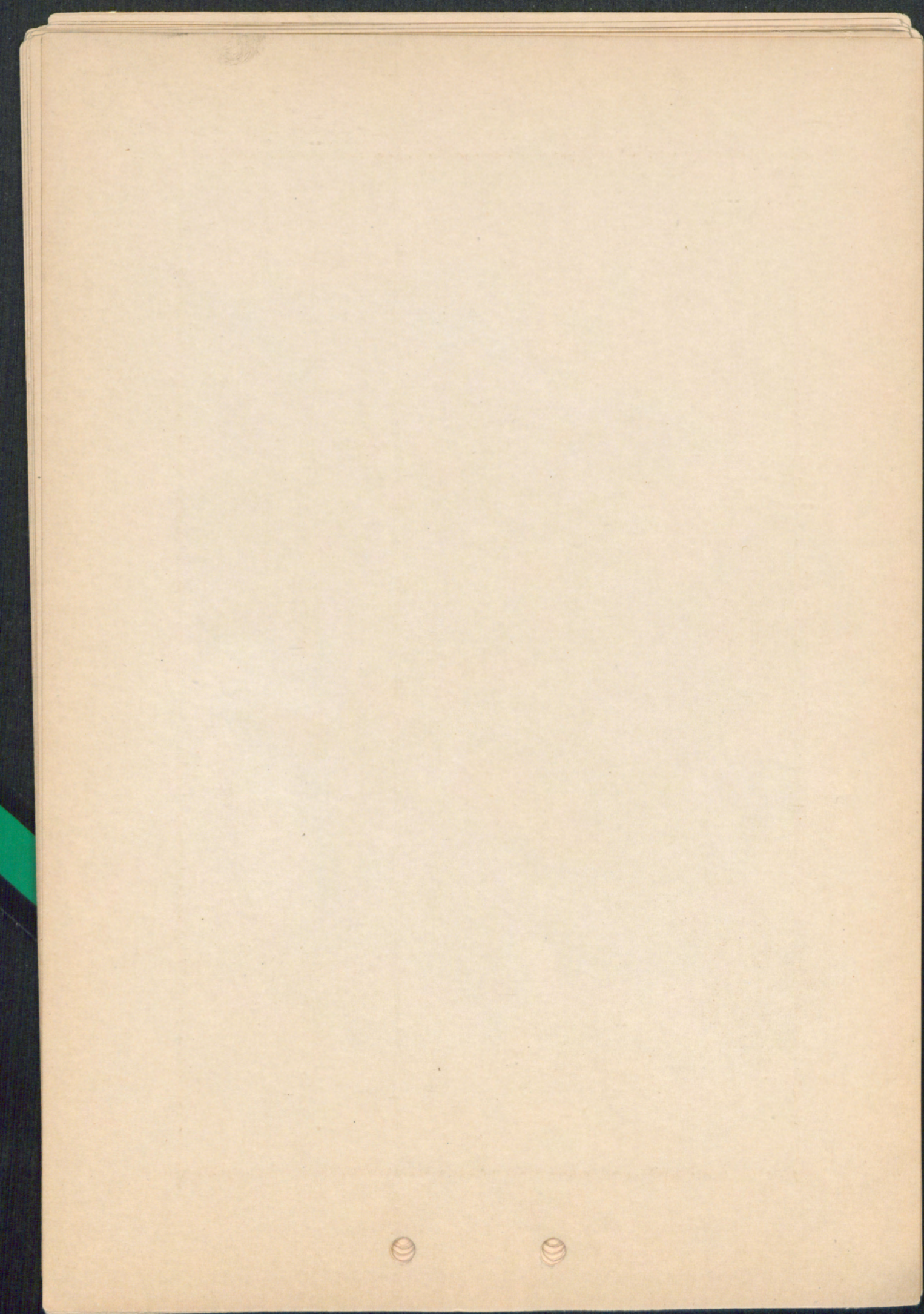
DECEMBER.

In Loving Memory

OF

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Lord, keep my memory green."



Charles Dickens.

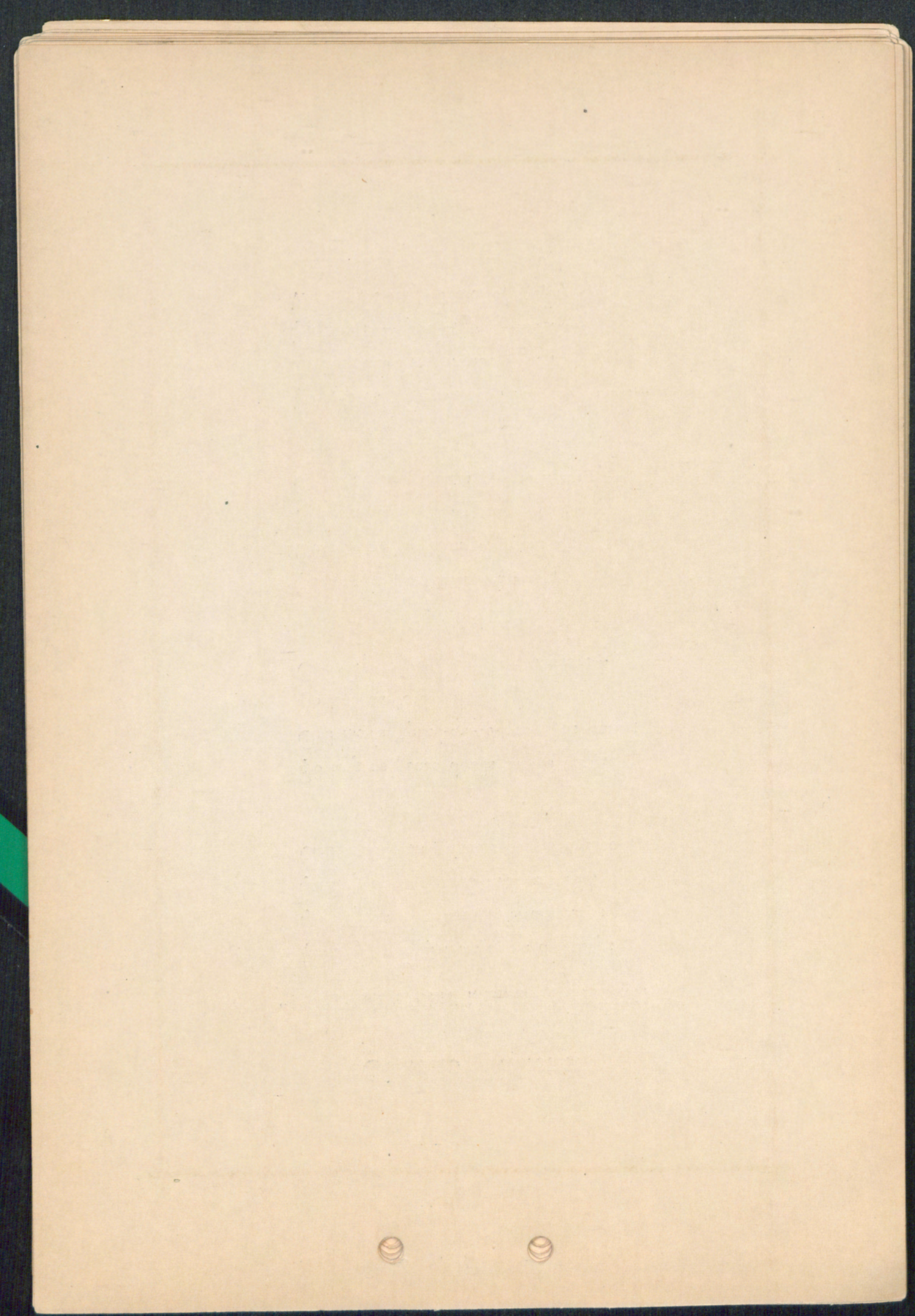
"LORD, KEEP MY MEMORY GREEN!"

So long as Christmas songs are sung;
So long as Christmas bells are rung;
So long as Christmas tales are told,
And Christmas presents bought and sold,
Thy memory will be green!

So long as peace dwells on the earth,
And man's "good-will-to-man" has worth;
So long as tender thoughts of love,
Come to us from the heavens above---
Thy memory will be green!

So long as from an acorn's cup,
An English oak tree springeth up;
Round which the "Ivy-green" can cling,
And "English Daisys" neath it spring---
Thy memory will be green!

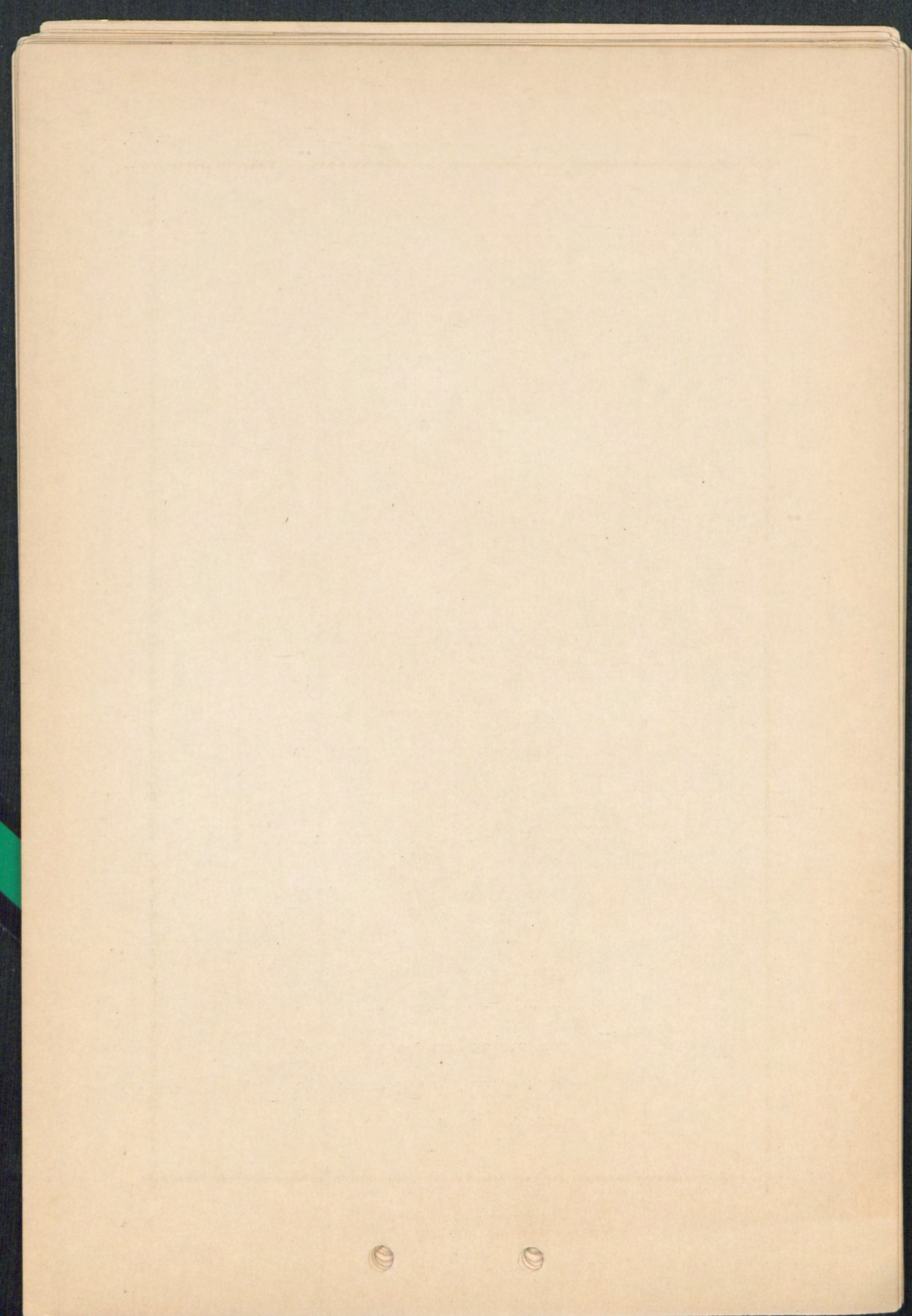
So long as "Scrooge and Marley" meet---
In busy mart or crowded street,
So long as---spite of grief and sin---
We read, through tears, of "Tiny Tim"---
Thy memory will be green!



So long as type, or tongue, can tell
The tender tale of "Little Nell"---
So long as love can make amend
For slights of fortune without end---
Thy memory will be green!

For thou hast made the path of toil
To "golden streets" a blessed foil,
And dropped, in fallow fields, fair seed
To bloom above the grave of greed.

Oh, Master of life's fairest art;
Behold, thou livest in each heart,
And there, beside Life's flowing stream,
The angels keep thy memory green!

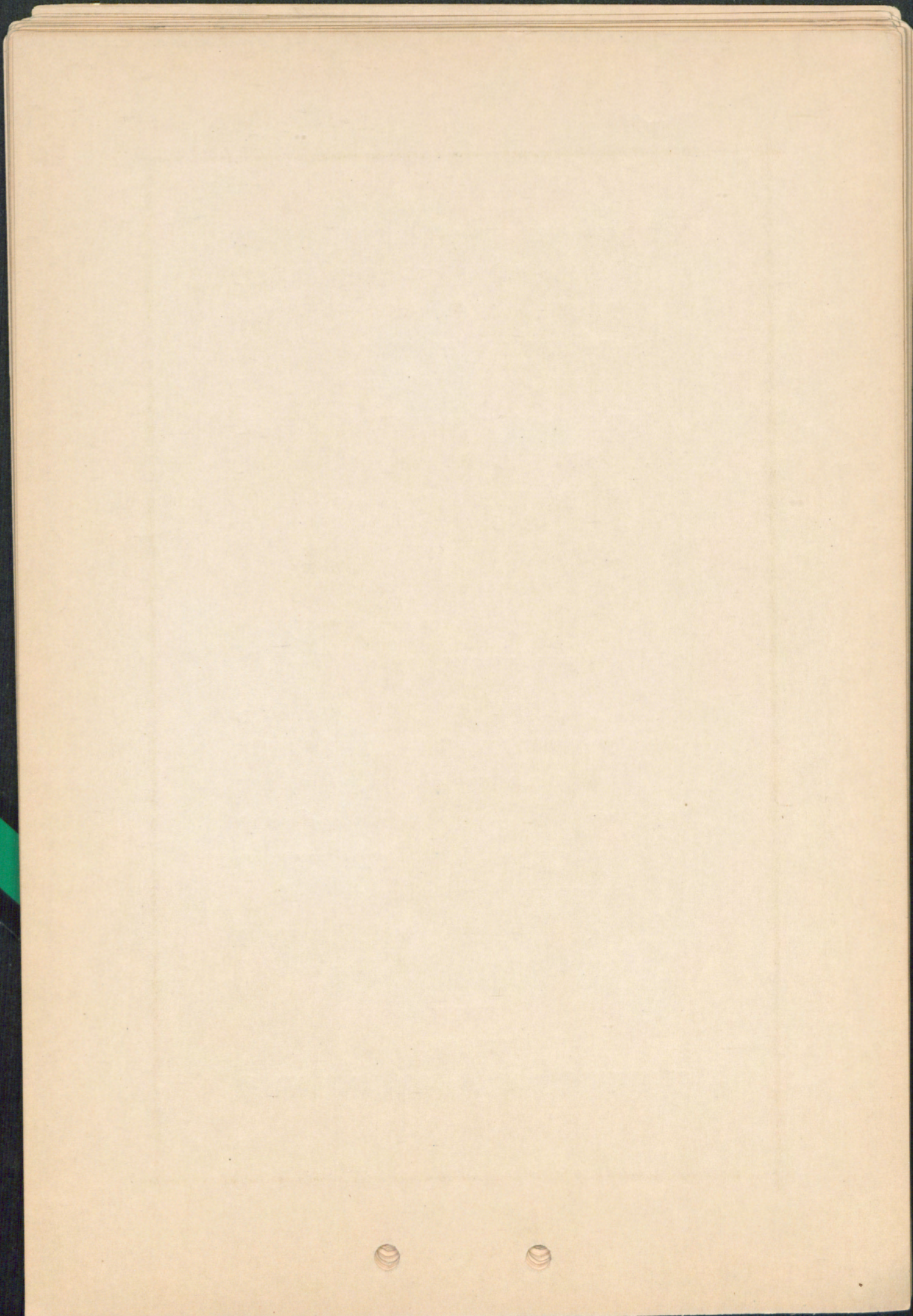


Christmas Crowns and Christmas Crosses.

I have no little stockings to hang up to-night,
And no little children to wake with the light;
The gloomy old house is all shadowed and drear,
And no one is looking for Santa Claus here.
The empty chairs gape, and their grim shadows fall
Like ghostly intruders, on ceiling and wall,
When the firelight flashes, then dying away
Fades out into darkness, or spirits in grey.

Hark! the blessed church bells swing,
And the merry echoes ring!
Children's voices, hear them say
"Christ, the Lord, was born this day!"

Oh, heart, art thou weary? Be merry and light,
Christ came to the shepherds, while watching at night.
Oh, out of the shadows, and all through the gloom,
A perfume is stealing and filling the room.
'Tis the scent of the cedars, and tender spruce-pine,
With garlands of holly, which old hands combine,
And it wafts me away---on its spice-laden breath---
To the land where my darlings can never know death!



Hark! the blessed church bells swing,
And the merry echoes ring!
Children's voices, hear them say
"Christ, the Lord, was born to-day!"

Christ the Lord? Arise my soul!
All thy weakness now confess.
Thine, the pain, past thy control.
His, the power to save and bless!

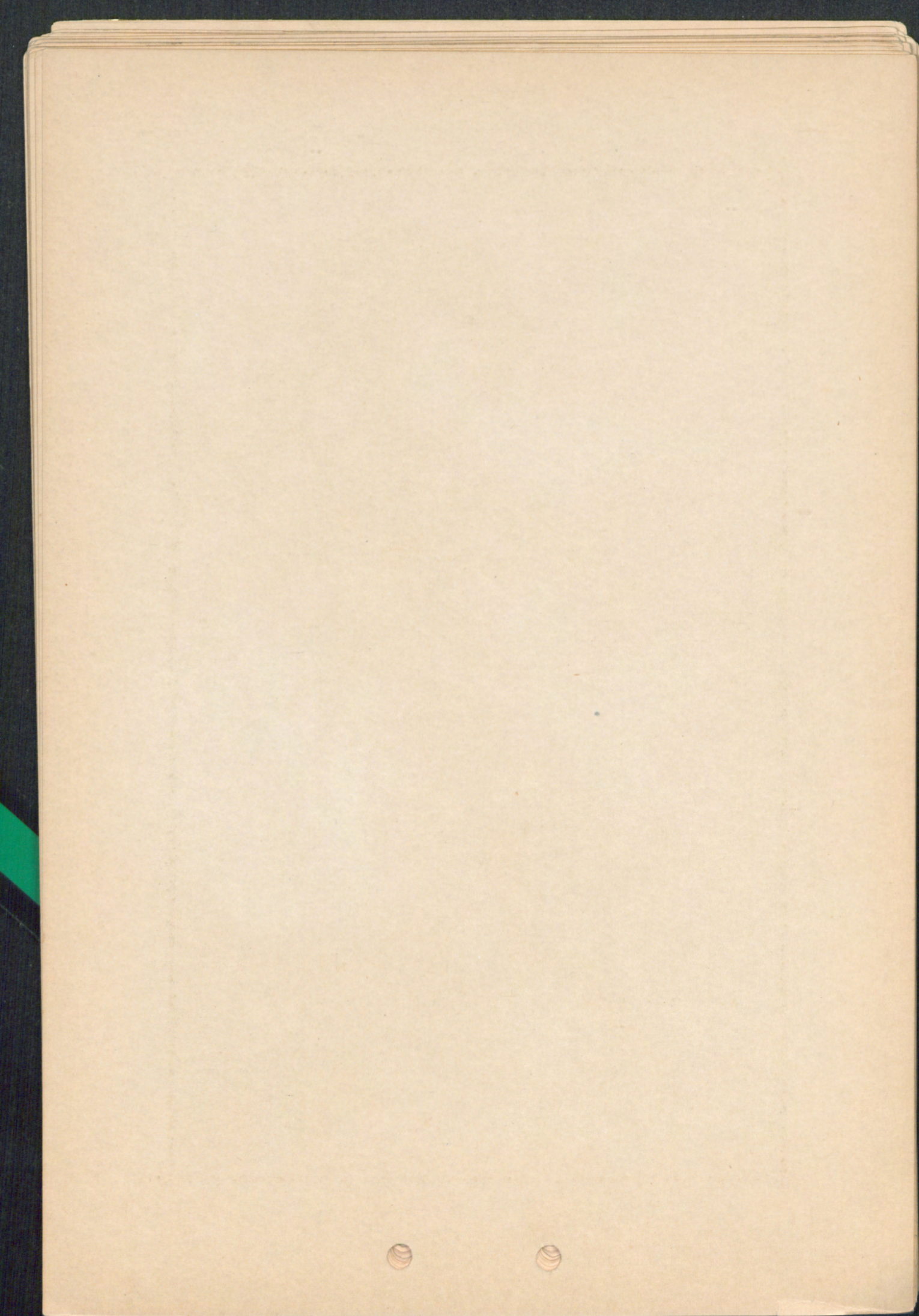
Hark! the blessed church bells swing,
And the merry echoes ring!
Children's voices, hear them say
"Christ, the Lord, is born this day!"



Here
be
Pansies-:
They are
for
Thoughts.
Happy
New Year
Thoughts
of
Grove.

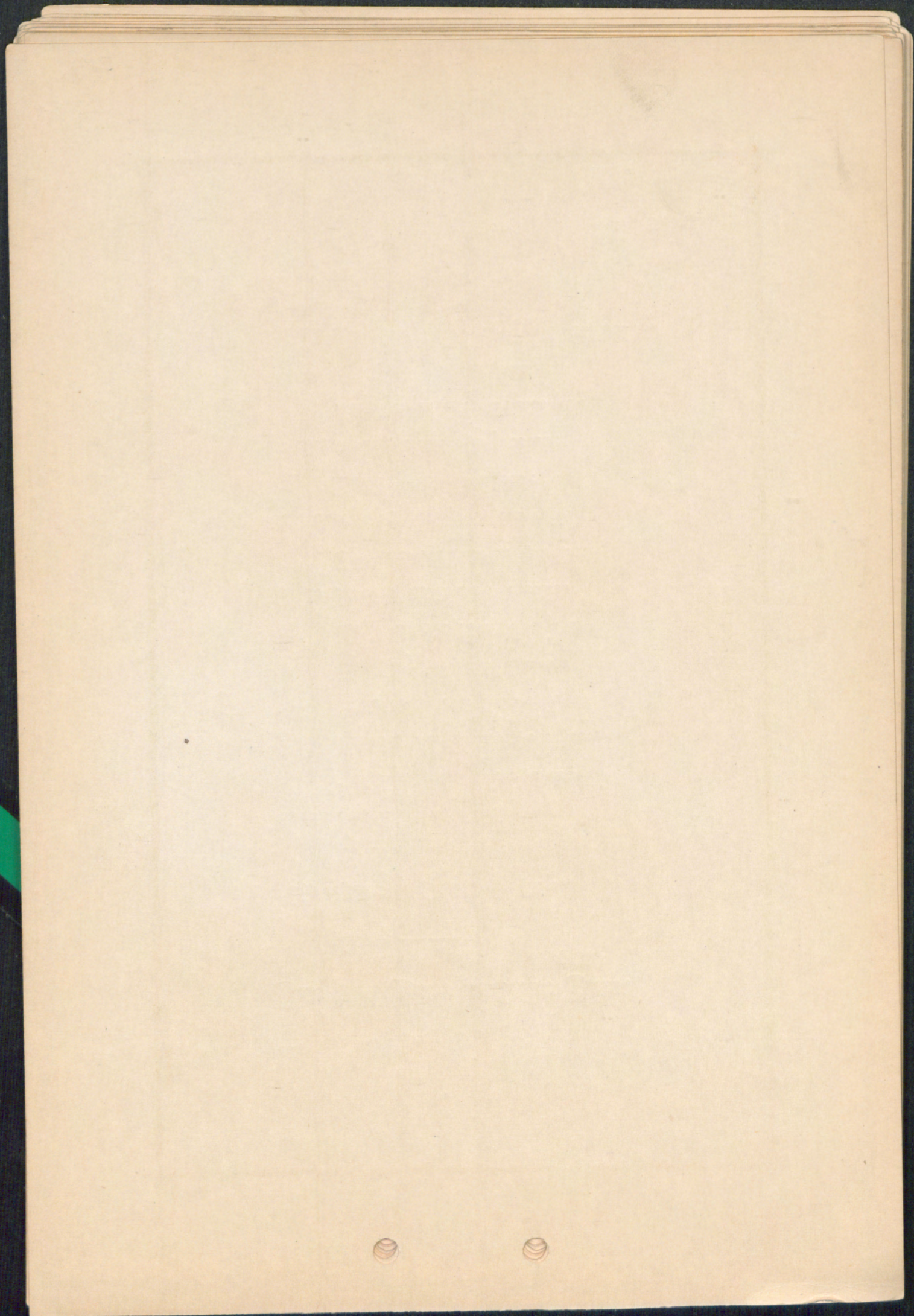
JANUARY.

He to culture owed his worth,
She was peerless from her birth.



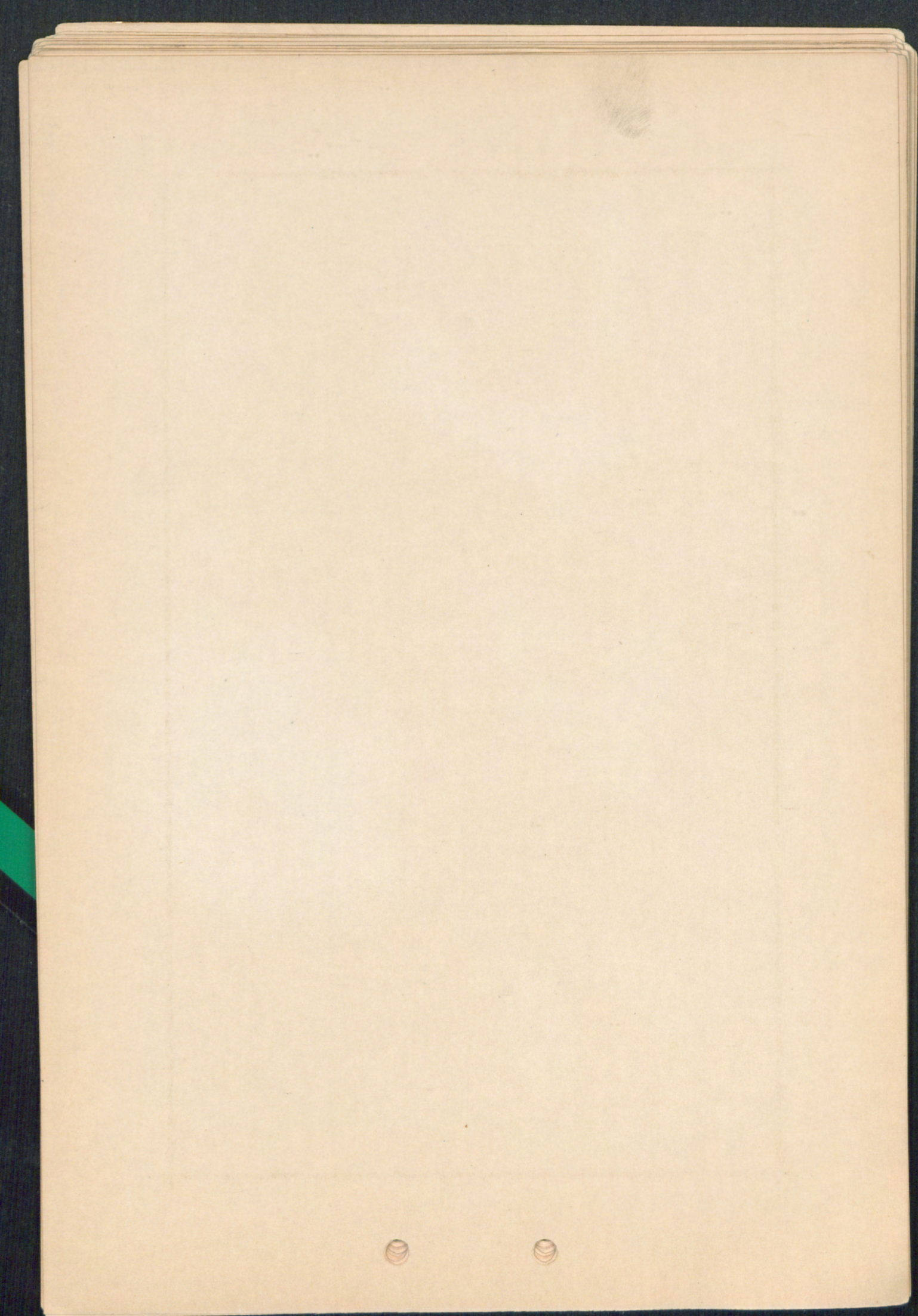
The Old Year and the New.

Oh, softer than fall of snow-flakes,
Or dew upon roses shed,
Came angelic voices, chanting
"The good Old Year is dead!"
Then, Silence, from stilling the echoes,
Stole softly over the earth,
And Hope flung her starry banners
To herald the New Year's birth.
While I heard, as it were a million
Of flower-buds stir in their beds,
As a carol of woodthrush and robin
Exultantly rang overhead:
Wake, lily-bud, sleeping in grasses;
Wake jonquil and narcissus pale;
Awake from your slumber, awaken,
'Tis New Year! Awaken! All hail!

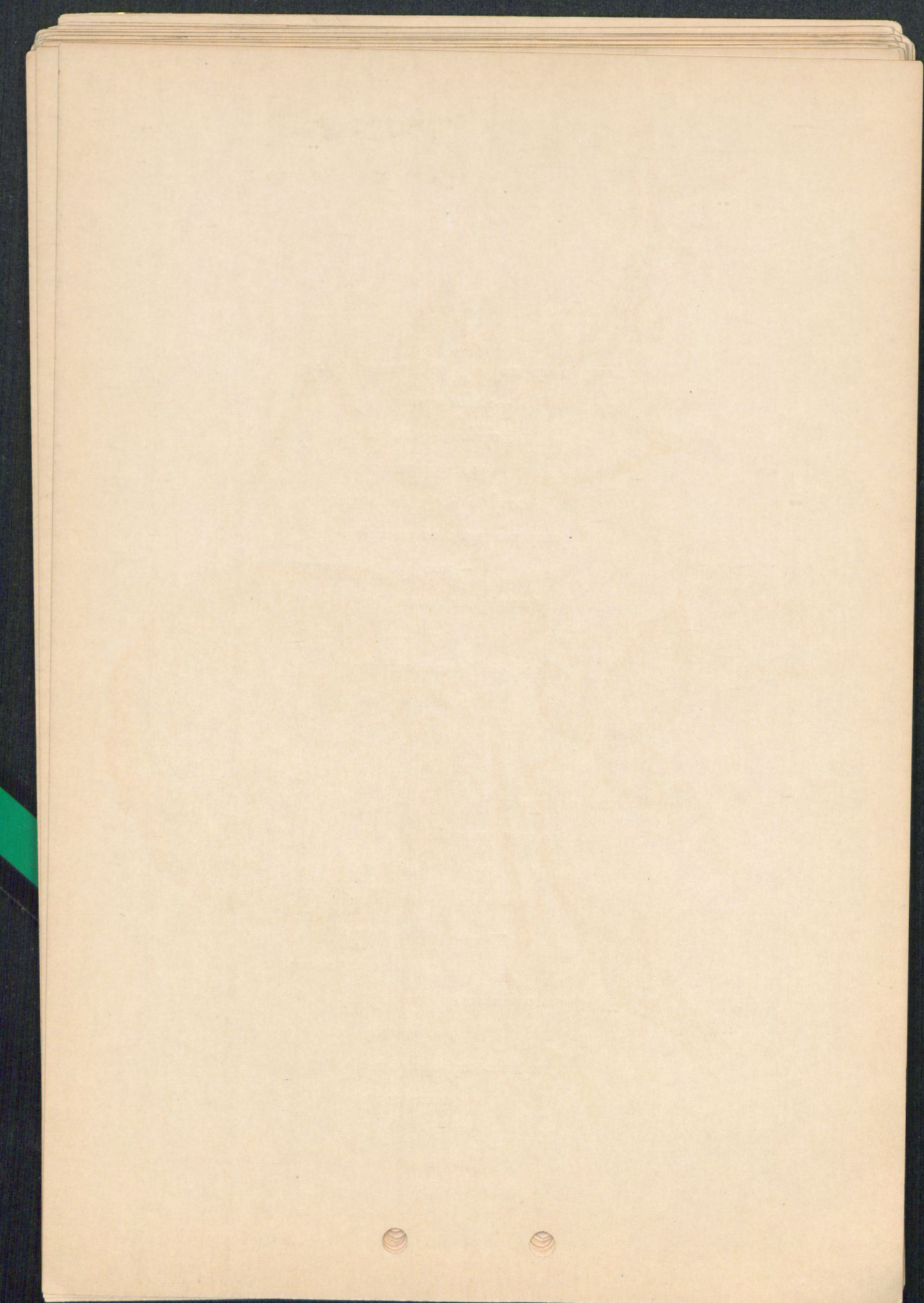


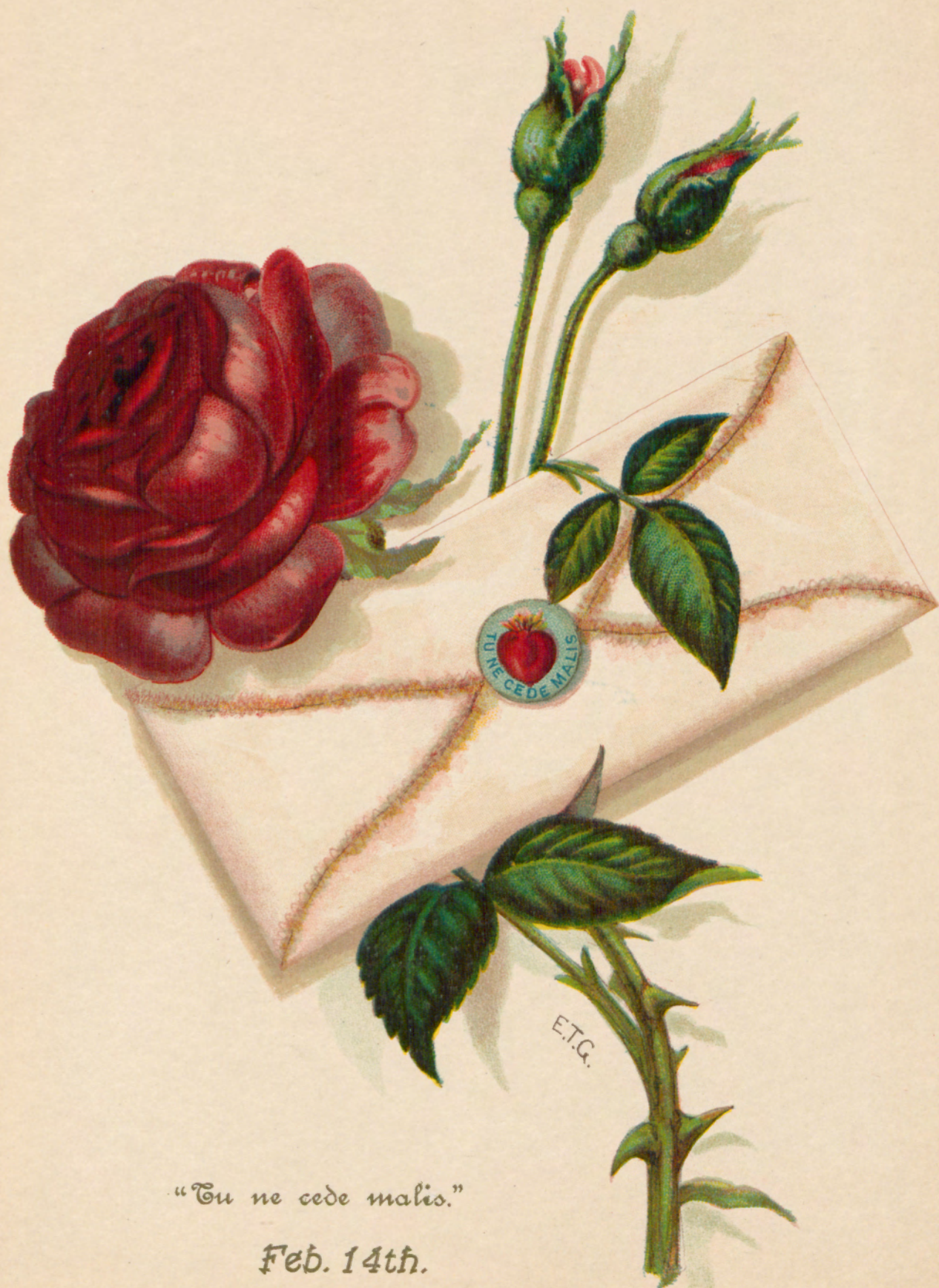
Silver Wedding Bells.

Out in the sunshine,
And out in the cold---
Over and over,
The story is told
Of Wedding bells
Ringing and swinging!
Wedding bells---
Set to a silvery note.
Wedding bells---
Built with a silvery throat.
Wedding bells,
Ringing and swinging!
Silvery bells---
With tongues of gold,
Telling the Heavens a story old
Of a maiden fair
And a lover bold,
Who years ago,
To each other told
A simple tale of loving!



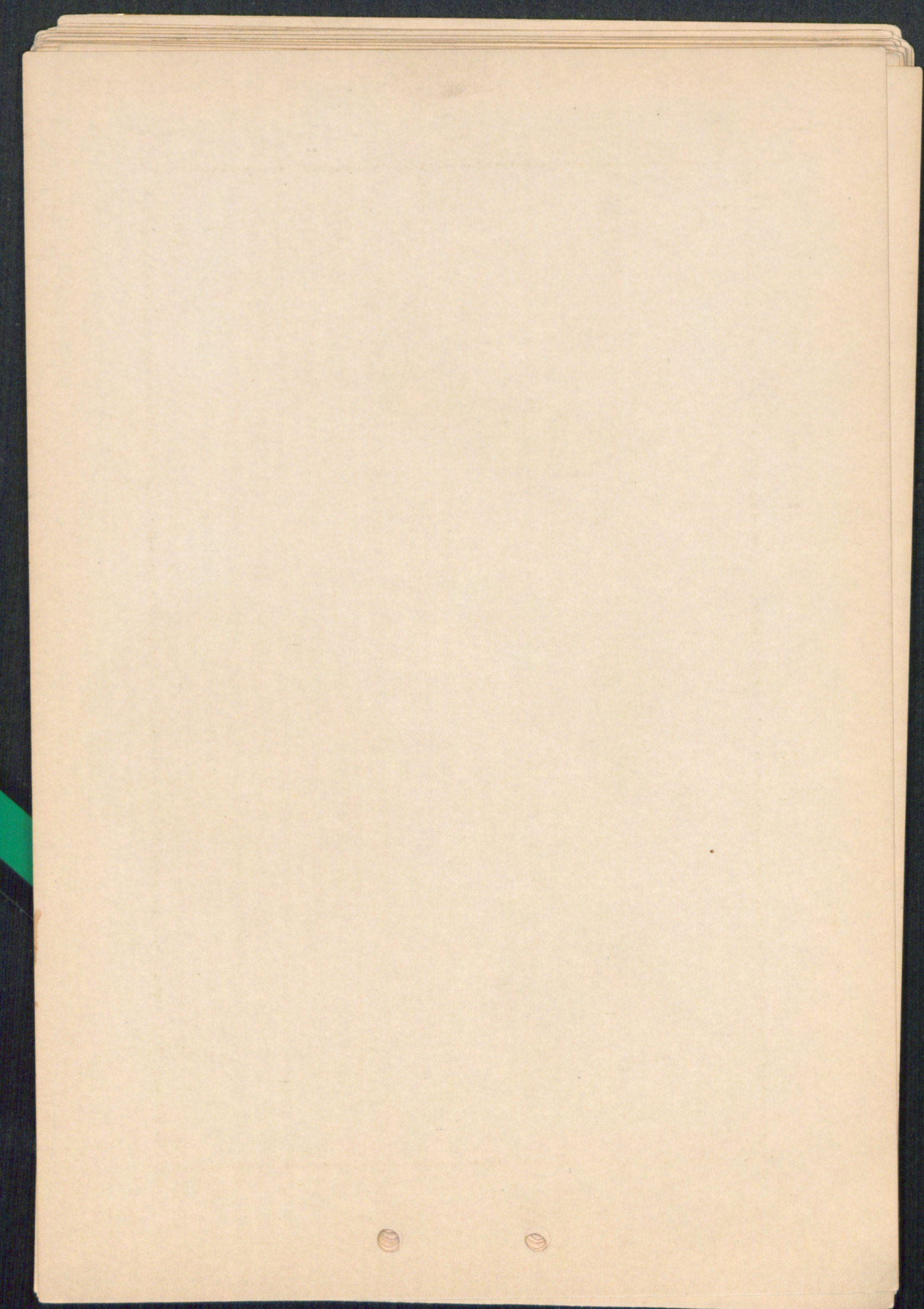
Faithful these lovers
 Through sunshine and frost;
 Ne'er by true sorrow
 Their love has been crossed—
 Never grown cold.
 Never faded away---
 'Though roses have withered
 And tresses grown grey!
 Hark, while these musical bells rehearse
 A love well fitted to minstrel verse.
 A love given willingly,
 Full and free!
 A love for Love's sake,
 As true love should be.
 A love growing old,
 Yet forever made new,
 A love, of all loves---
 Tender, constant and true!
 A love, which Death's kisses
 Can never undo!
 A love, which the angels
 In Heaven renew---
 Fresh poured from the fountain of loving!





"Tu ne cede malis."

Feb. 14th.



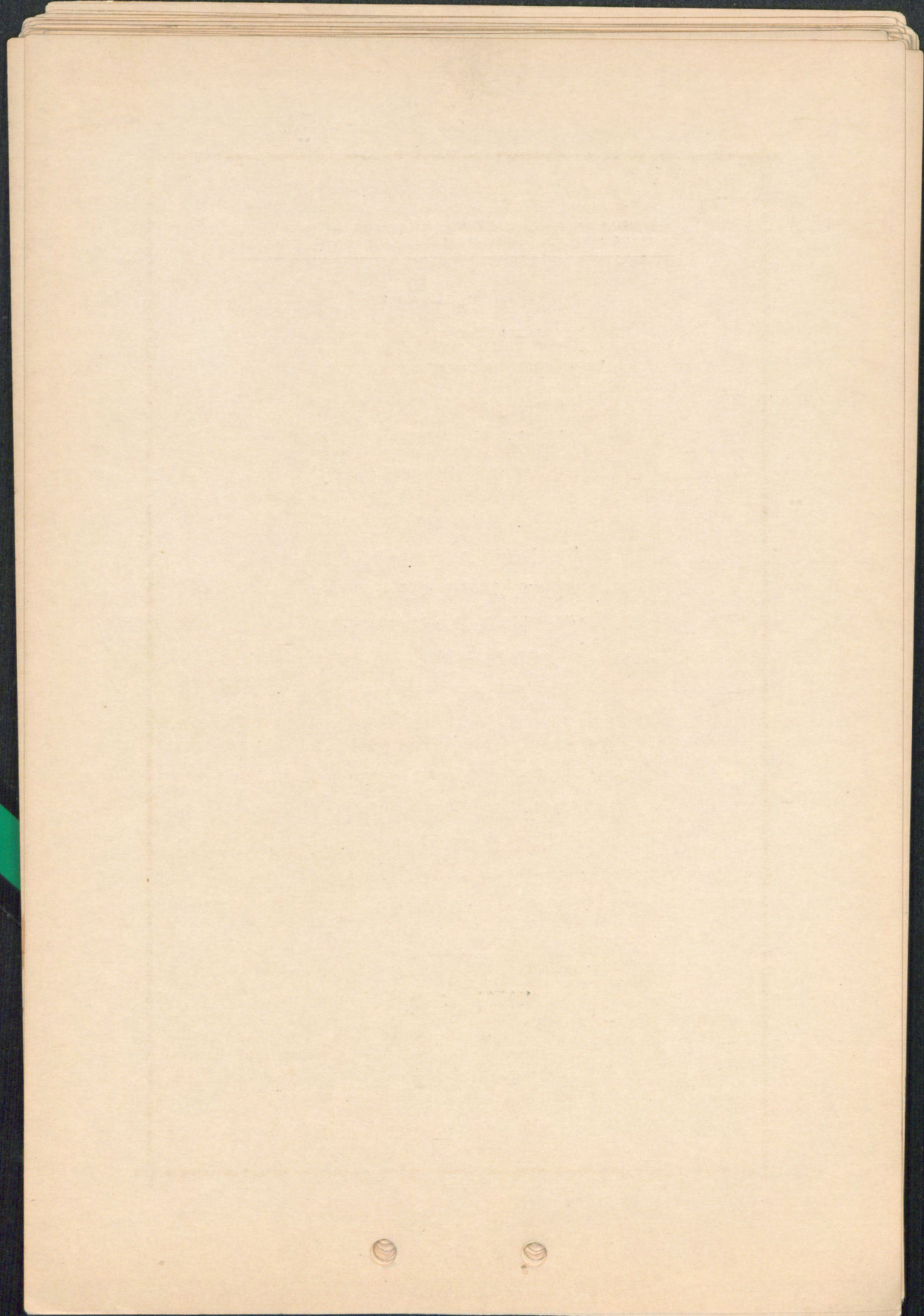
Sub Rosa.

Oh, Rose, my red, red, Rose
With thy sharp and cruel thorn---
I will bind thee on my heart,
And will hide thy bitter smart,
With the cross which I have borne
In repose!

As the Poet at his feast,
I will float thee on the wine*
Which each day is pressed anew
From the duty I must do---
'Neath my own fig-tree and vine,
At the least.

For thy lips must never part
With the secrets thou wilt find
In the chambers, cool and sweet,
For Love's dwelling made complete,
And for happy thoughts and kind,
In my heart.

* It is said that the Greek poets, at their feasts, upon entering the banqueting hall, threw a handful of roses upon the brimming bowl signifying, in so doing, that all things done, or said, under its influence should be held sacred to the occasion under seal of silence.



Let thy crimson petals fold
Round the life which seems so cold
To the careless passer by;
And thy perfumed kisses press
Where no lover's fond caress
Cometh nigh.

But remember, Rose most fair,
That in Heaven's transparent air
We must stand, and be confessed,
Of the things thou'lt know so well,
Of the things thou can'st not tell,
To thy bosom's dearest guest.

So, beware thee, guardian Rose,
That no evil thing repose
In the heart where thou shalt lie;
In the heart where---by and by---
An angel shall arise
With evangel from the skies,
Sweetest Rose, for thee and me
Whatever else may be.

An Old Valentine.

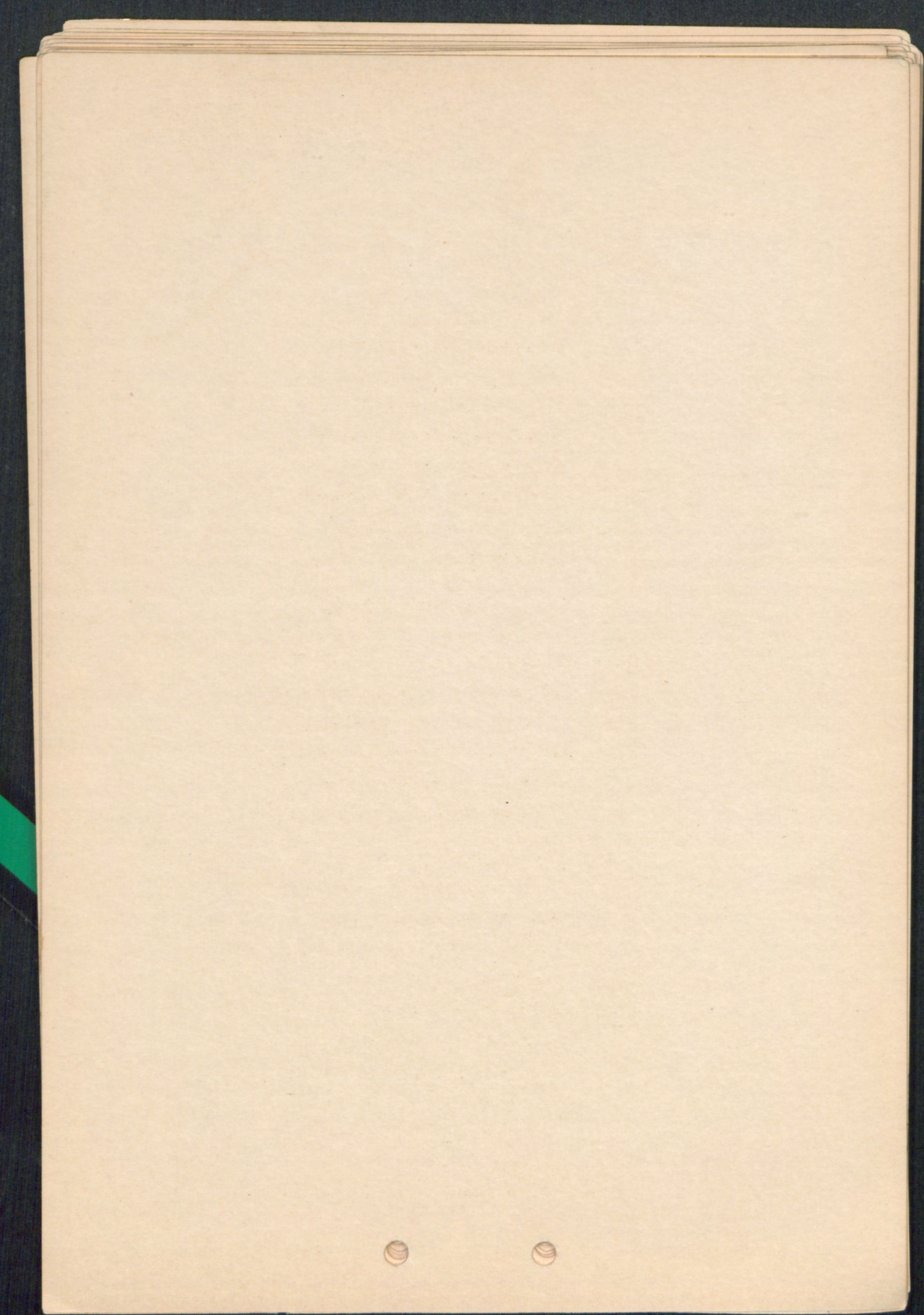
Dearest Love, defying fate---
Patient stands, content to wait.
Maiden, coy and hard to please,
Dost thou doom the boy to freeze?
Scant his garments, sharp the wind,
Sense is keenest in the blind!
Hasten then to fold him tight
In thy robe of ermine white,
Or beside thy door he'll die,
Having lost the power to fly!



The Naughty Violet.

A naughty little Violet, by petting made o'erbold,
In spite of words of warning,
Pushed early through the mold;
'Twas Spring, and time the buds had blown,
And singing brooks leaped high,
But mother Earth knew well the winds
Which yet would sweep the sky.
And so she coaxed and pleaded:
"Dear Daughter, bide with me;
Thou art safer here within my arms
Than out upon the lea."

But naughty little Violet
Said: "Mother, thou art wrong;
The world above is full of light,
And full of sun and song."
"My Darling," spoke the loving heart,
Of storms I am afraid;
The sky is full of snow and sleet,
The Summer is delayed!"
Still naughty little Violet,
Held high her pretty head,
And tossing back a hasty kiss,
Went forth where Jonquil led.
Ha! Ha! She laughed as, pushing past
The dear detaining arms,
Her purple eye, enraptured, caught
A glimpse of newer charms;
And then she drew a long free breath,
And opened wide her heart---
"I knew," she said, "that I was right;
I'm glad I made a start."

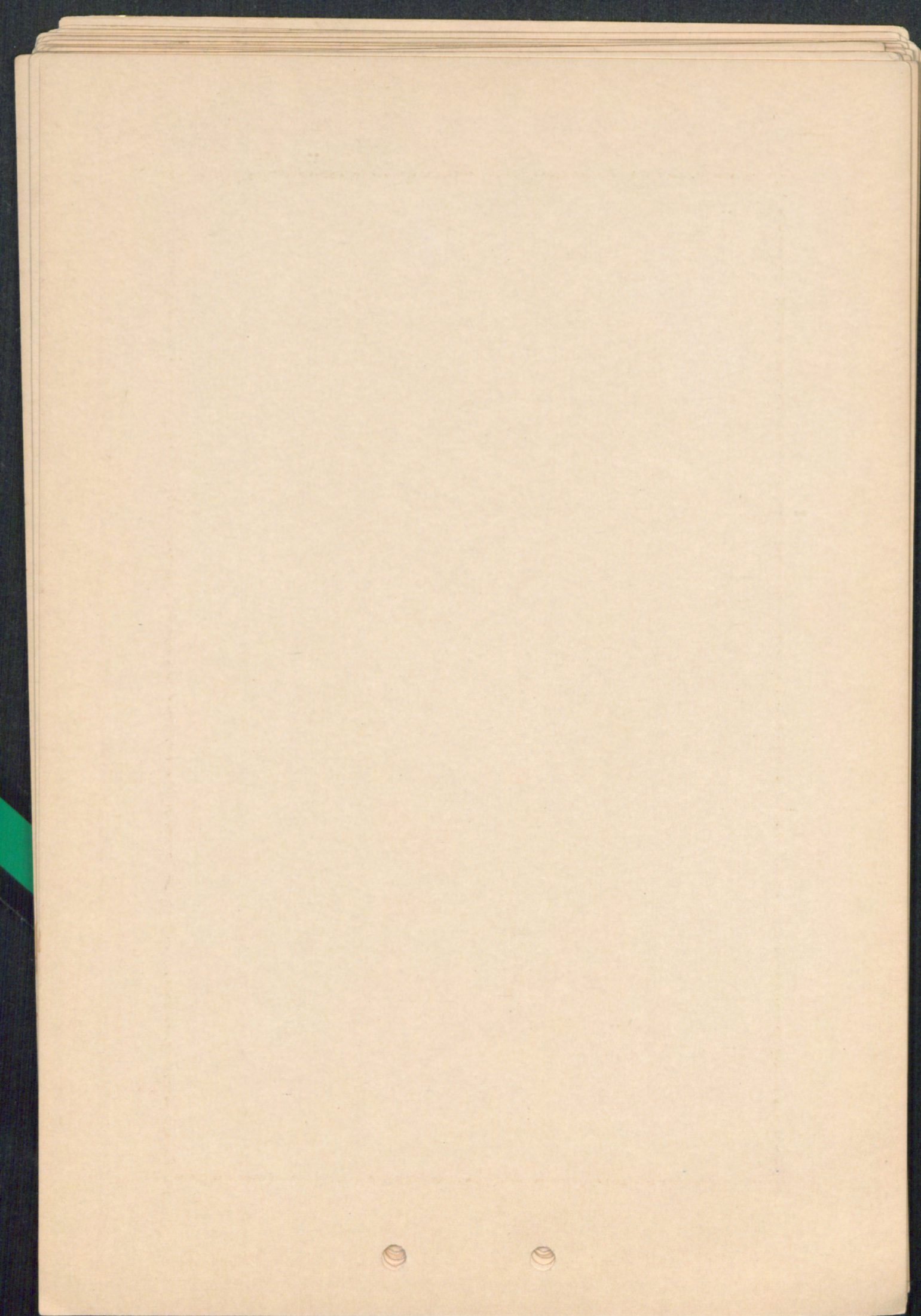


A bluebird chirruped "Wait a bit ;"
A crow cried out, "Caw ! Caw !"
Which means, when well interpreted,
You've broken Nature's law !
" 'Tis not for modest Violets,
" Sweet children of the Sun,
" To push their way with sturdy folk,
" And do as they have done ;
" Your purple hood half shades your eyes,
" No gown protects your knees,
" Ah, naughty little Violet,
" I fear that you will freeze."

Just then a gust of biting wind
Swept howling o'er her head,
And blinding sheets of snow and sleet
On every hand were spread ;
The bluebird flashed far out of sight ;
The crow screamed "Caw ! Caw ! Caw !"
But blinded by her bitter tears,
This only Violet saw.

Just then a storm-sent Autumn leaf,
Blown, dead, from some tall tree,
Paused kindly, with protecting pouch,
And saved the child for me ;
For the next day, cased close in ice,
Her fair head lying low,
I found beneath the wind-blown leaf,
Sweet Violet in the snow.





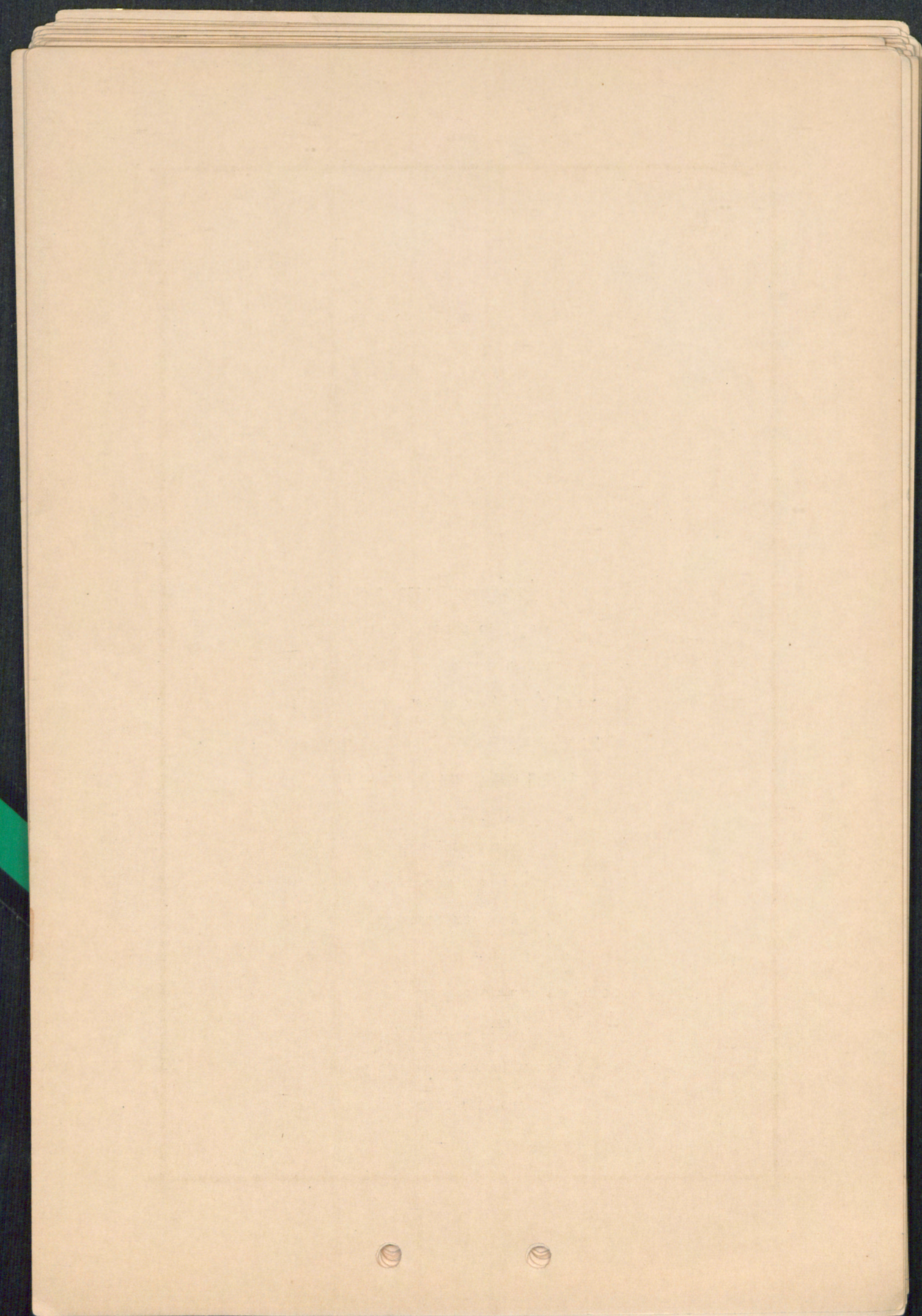
Cupid's Umbrella.

Once Cupid, saucy little fellow,
Took refuge neath a blue umbrella;
But quick as wink Jack Frost uprose
And nipping bit his pretty toes,
While dancing winds began to shout
"You silly elf! We've found you out!"
Then swiftly bore him to the skies
And laughed to see his sweet surprise;
But Cupid smoothed his locks of yellow
And said---"I'll trust my blue umbrella,
And lest they bear me quite astray
Will turn it inside out---this way---"
Then seizing on the handle true
Sped downward through the ether blue!
And now the winds, their frolic spent,
Looked after, with a grave intent,
And wondered, with wide open eyes,
To see him sailing through the skies,

While ever and anon they caught
A glimpse of garlands gaily wrought,
As mingled with some happy tune
Came floating back love's own perfume;
For as he swept the heavens through
He gathered roses wet with dew,
And bound them, in the twilight mellow,
As garlands to his blue umbrella.

* * * * *

In life's rough pathway close beside
True hearts, that love, whate'er betide,
He proves himself a wise young fellow
By bringing forth his blue umbrella,
And when the storms of fate arise
He gathers roses from the skies!



Wedding Songs.

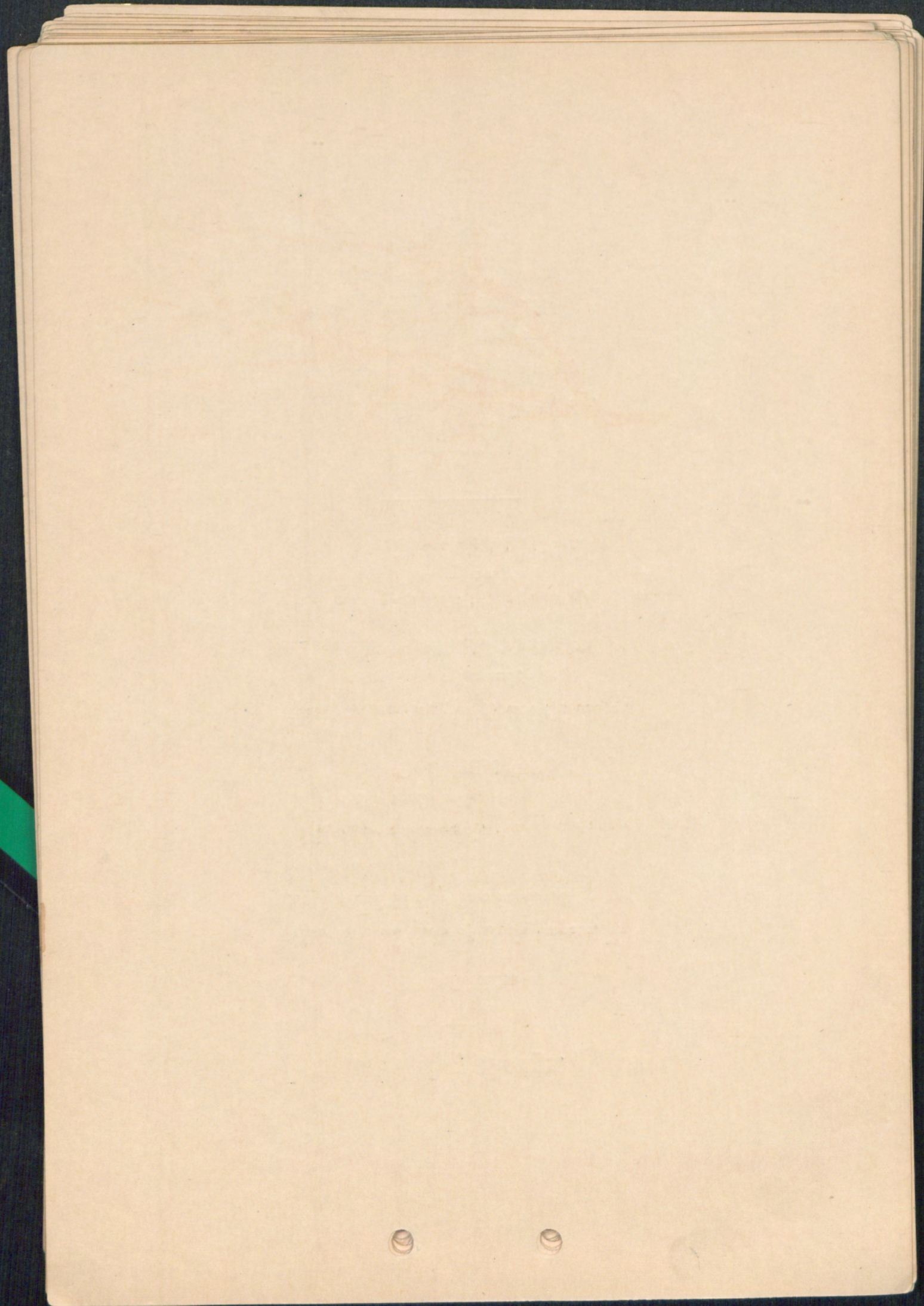
PROMISED.

How little we know of God's purpose,
Or the end he may have in view,
When gaily we launch
A ship fair and staunch,
Like a new made bride,
On the tide!

For though we may weigh well the anchor,
He only can fill out the sail;
And a cable may break,
Or a slip it may make,
As we thoughtlessly glide
O'er the tide!

GIVEN.

Ring out, glad bells, thwart wintry sky,
Ring loud and clear, nor ask me why
All pain is past;
Joy comes at last!
Ring out, and fill the sky!



Ring out glad bells! Ring full and free!

Ring sweetest notes of melody!

My heart at peace, all tears shall cease;

He loves! He loves but me!

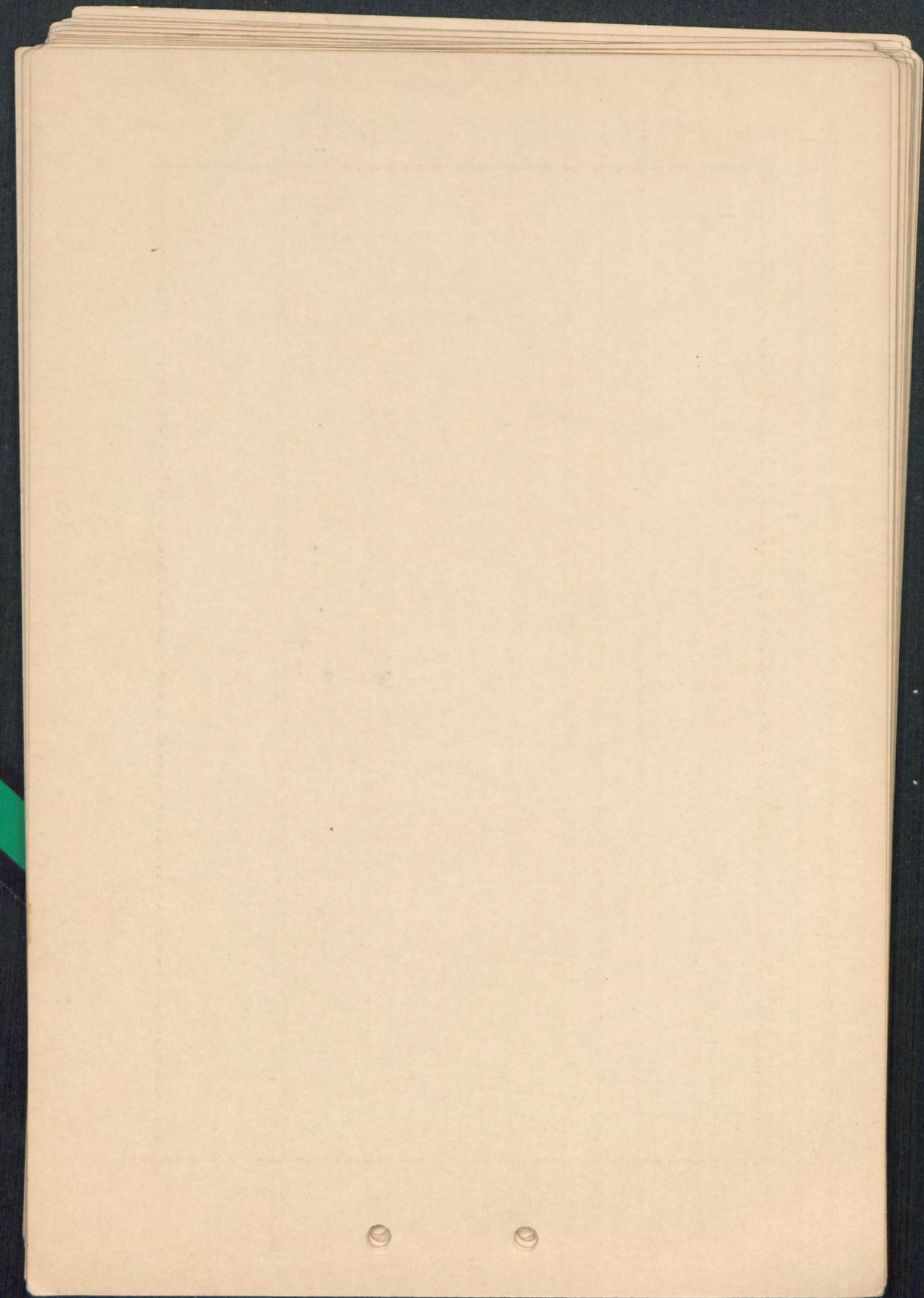
Ring, sweetest bells, across the snow,

Where merry men and maidens go.

In love's sweet dreams, I float life's stream,

Where lotus blossoms blow!

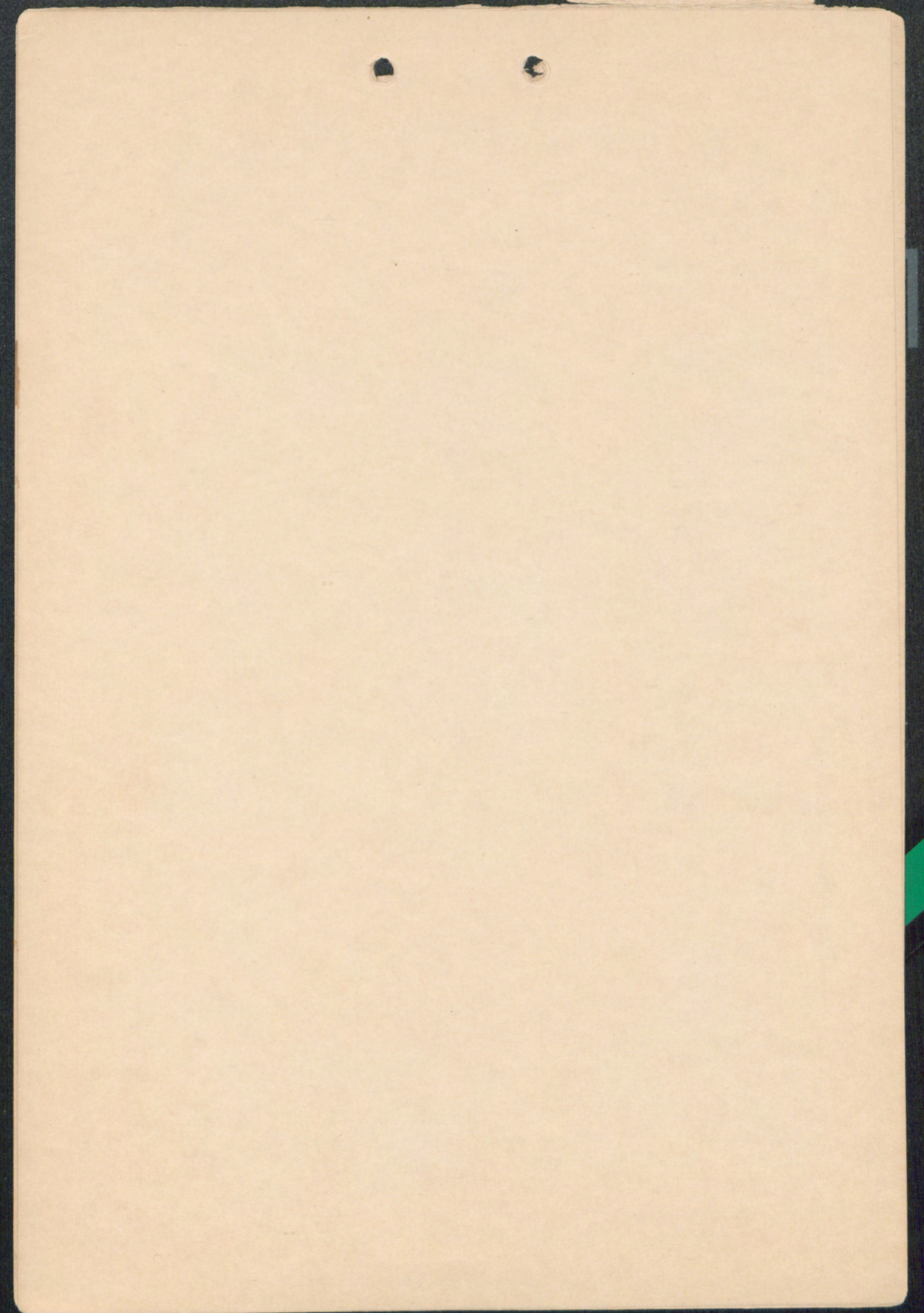




Finis.

All is well! The year is brief,
Spring's sweet blossom,
Autumn's leaf.

Round and round the seasons go,
Summer's heat and Winter's snow!
Faintest hearts, bowed low in pain,
Surcease find, since loss is gain.
Pain nor pleasure long endure---
Life is brief and Rest is sure!



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